Three great fears that haunt the fireside

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They break rudely into conversations of husbands and wives, causing sudden silences. They thrust themselves between the faces of men and their little ones with quick stabs of apprehension.

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—the fear of the loss of health
—the fear of the loss of the job
—the fear of a dependent old age.

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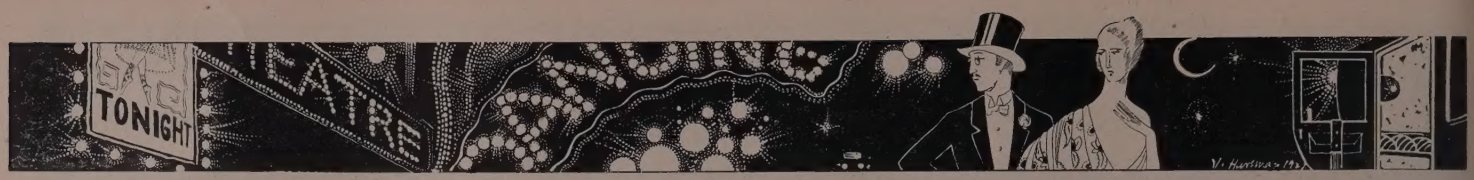

THE PLAY GUIDE

The Play Guide of Theatre Magazine is a guide for young and old, to America's greatest amusement center, New York City. Lest you lose yourself in the maze of good, bad and indifferent in this vast playground the Theatre Magazine offers you the clue of The Play Guide. Mark its sign posts well! They will avoid your suffering boredom.

With summer days in full swing, New Yorkers are taking advantage not only of the opportunities for diversion in the city itself, but for those of outlying districts as well. When town with its theatres and restaurants palls temporarily, there are an infinite number of places to visit in nearby neighborhoods—too many to tell of in the short space allotted us this month.

But we might mention the Woodmansten Inn in Bronx Park, a half hour's motor ride away on the Boston Post Road, where there is a wonderful orchestra, "a perfectly *won*-der-ful orchestra," as an enthusiastic young jazz hound exclaimed. Or orientating oneself Long Island way the Pavillon Royal on the Merrick Road which offers the gist of the Plantation Review of the past winter. This too is reached by a short motor ride. A few miles further along, steering on the same course, there is to be found Henry's at Lynnbrook, a haunt for so many theatrical people of the region, and where one must expect to pay somewhat "through the nose," as the French say, for one's "dishes."

If one does not care to wander so far afield and still would like a dash of fresh air and the green of trees as an accompaniment to one's dinner, what better than the Casino in our own Central Park? If you are in one of the uptown hotels, as is likely, a little constitutional beforehand through the Park lends *bon appetit*. The Casino suffered a certain submerging after Prohibition, but has now been restored to its oldtime prestige and popularity, and sitting there over a late coffee one may catch distant strains from the Goldman Concerts in the Mall.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE: Mr. Average Theatregoer hears much about the art of the theatre, but little concerning the box office end. An article entitled *The Business of the Stage* will answer all your questions. ☙ Walter Hampden, who opens a repertoire season in New York next month, is acclaimed by the critics the greatest Othello since Salvini. Clayton Hamilton, in a thoughtful article, tells why we have every reason to be proud of this distinguished native-born player. ☙ A novelty next season will be the first showing here of *André Charlot's London Revue* something quite different. Read all about it in the next number. ☙ Actors, they say, are born, not made. Its different with stars. An amusing article, *The Evolution of a Broadway Star,* gives away the secret why so many incompetents are allowed to crowd out genuine talent.

F. E. ALLARDT, Director of Circulation

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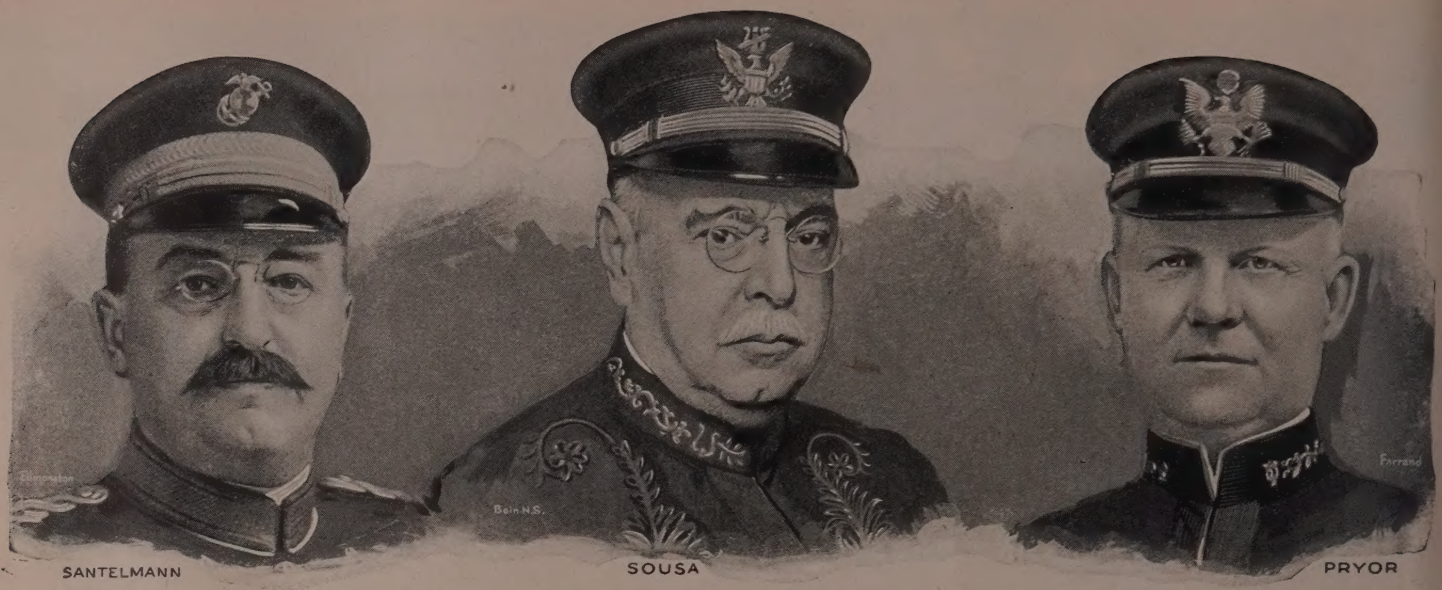

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

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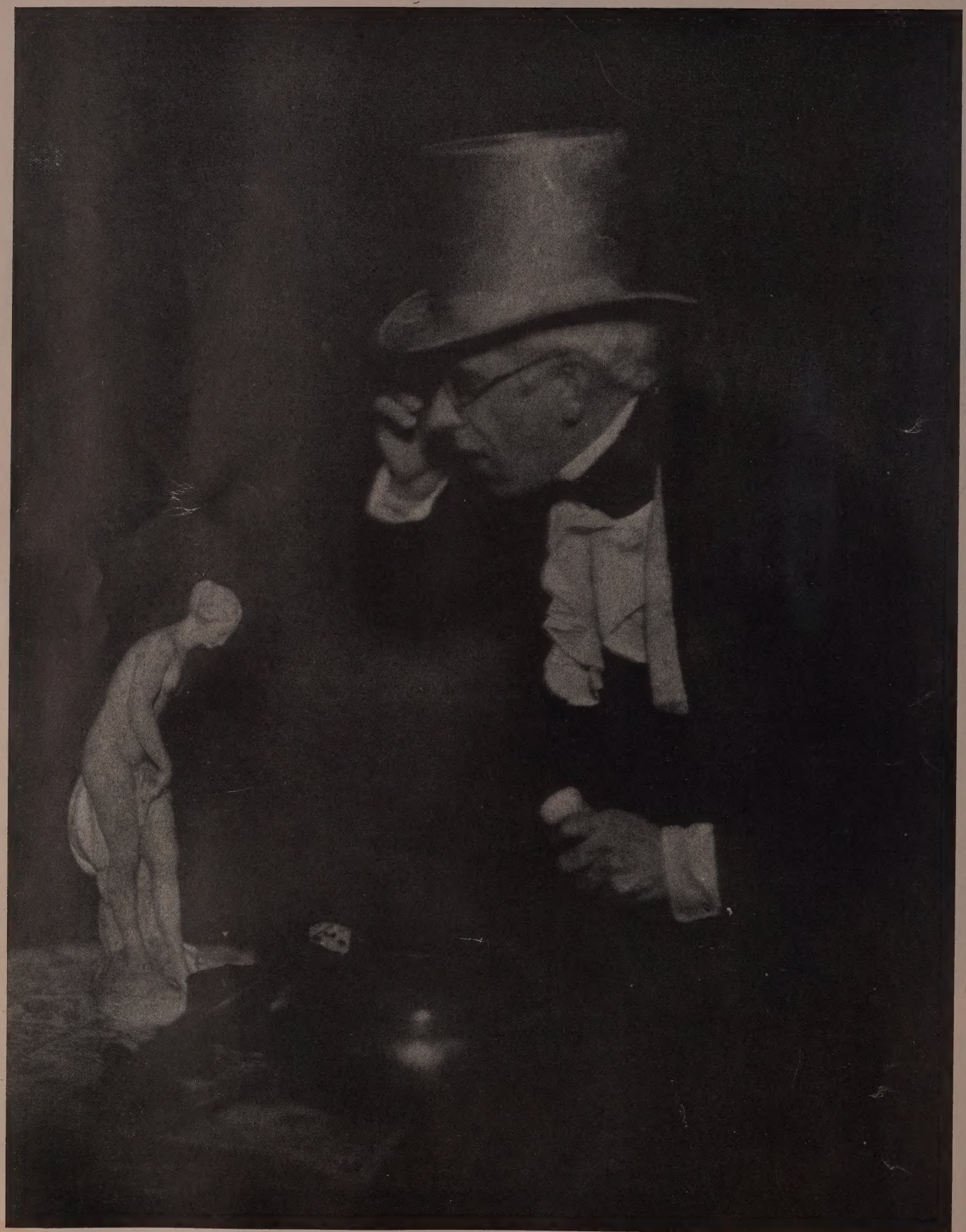
CARROLL McCOMAS
as Maria in "The School For Scandal"



THE CONNOISSEUR

Picking for the Follies: Camera Drollerie by Alfred Cheney Johnston

An American Art Theatre—Why Not?

Astonishingly Rich In Material and Talent, Only Character and Organization Are Lacking

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

IN astonishment and blank awe New York audiences and critics sat at the feet of the players from Moscow. These artists acted one romantic and several realistic plays with beautiful harmony, precision, devotion, sincerity. Among them were two men of genius—Kotchaloff and Moskvin. Especially Moskvin. His Czar Fyodor, his Captain Snegiryoff in *The Brothers Karamazoff*—these were incomparable. And yet the grave and lyric raptures over the Russian productions were, when you came to reflect, amusing. Had no one seen the recent production of St. John Ervine's *Jane Clegg?* Did no one recall performances given as recently as the winter of 1917 by the late and bitterly lamented stock company on Irving Place—performances of *The Lower Depths, Professor Bernhardi, Michael Kramer, Comrades, The Wild Duck?*

No one, in fact, stopped to reflect. Fine and esoteric theories hummed in the air. Stanislavsky himself explained the whole matter very simply at a Drama League luncheon. He said that there were several kinds of theatres and that the best kind, the kind he had striven for, was the "ensemble theatre where each member of the organization works for the one purpose of presenting the play in the most interesting and beautiful manner." That is what the members of his organization were doing and had been doing for a quarter of a century. And since, for the greater part of that long period, they had been playing the very plays which they presented here, it is no wonder that the productions were rich and ripe and suave and harmonious.

NO DIFFERENCE IN TALENT

WHAT finally seemed not only amusing but annoying—annoying since it shifted and confused vital issues—was the implication on all sides that these Russian artists had some magic formula, some hidden talent, some strange secret quite beyond our reach. They have, of course, nothing of the kind. They have, what all cultivated and sensitive Europeans of whatever nationality have—a disinterested love of art, a sense of its importance, of its profound implication with the life-process itself. They put it on a level with bread and wine, not on a level with bridge and golf. Hence, they sacrifice for it, live for it, have a deep sense of absorption in it. That is the difference between them and ourselves.

There is no difference in talent, in natural aptitude. I do not know Russia. But I wonder whether Russia is richer in native histrionic ability than America. I wonder whether Russia could establish as many art theatre ensembles as we could, provided that we had or could somehow acquire the Russian respect for art, the Russian sense of voluntary devotion to its service. Our actors rehearse for three or four weeks, not for a quarter of a century. If a play has a long run their talent is deadened; if it has a short run they must wear themselves out in the economic conflict. Yet despite these disheartening and distracting conditions I have seen performances within the past few years that convince me of this fact: could we but assemble these actors and actresses under a direction that would train and inspire them to act as they acted on the specific occasions which are so vividly present to me, it would not be difficult for us to establish half-a-dozen art theatre ensembles each of which could rival—but for the accident of perhaps one man's genius—the famous Russian one.

> **"We could have ten Moscow Art Theatres if we had what we lack, which is not talent but character. When I hear of an actor in straightened circumstances refusing a part at $150 a week because the part does not interest him and because the play is obviously drivel—at the moment when that news is brought me I shall know that the American Art Theatre has been conceived."**

I must give the proofs of this assertion which to many people will seem a little wild. But it is precisely this proof that I am anxious to give. I want to give it very informally. I need merely to recall the most vivid and beautiful and satisfactory memories of recent acting that I have. Sometimes such a memory will start out from a general recollection of a wretched play. So it is, for instance, with Laurette Taylor's performance in the first and second acts of *A Night in Rome.* Sometimes it is the memory of an actor in a play not quite so foolish but still unimportant, suddenly different from his usual self, transcending his usual self. So it is with Leslie Howard's superb portrayal of the perverse and weak boy in *A Serpent's Tooth.* Now my whole point is that if we could get Miss Taylor and Mr. Howard into an ensemble theatre and give, let us say, Hauptmann's *Michael Kramer,* and cast Miss Taylor for Michaline and Mr. Howard for Arnold and Louis Calvert for the title rôle and Louise Closser Hale for the rôle of the mother and have the performance directed by Frank Reicher, that then we would have something that would easily rival the Moscow Art Theatre on its special ground.

How rich we are in material, in talent! Memories, once you start them, become torrential. I shall observe no order. It is not necessary. There was Augustin Duncan in *The Steamship Tenacity,* and in *The Detour,* and, as a contrast, Gregory Kelly in *Jonathan Makes A Wish;* there was Marjorie Rambeau in *Daddy's Gone A-Hunting,* and Robert Ames as the returned soldier in *The Hero.* These were all performances of the first order in veracity, depth, completeness. And so, without any reasonable doubt, were the performances of Dudley Digges as *Henry Clegg* and as Mr. Zero, and of Pauline Lord as Nastia in *The Lower Depths,* and in the title rôle of *Anna Christie,* and of Lynn Fontanne in *Dulcy,* and of Florence Eldridge as the daughter in *Ambush,* and of John Drew—I am deliberately mixing names famous and obscure—in *The Circle,* and of Albert Bruning as Tesman in *Hedda Gabler* and as the old gentleman in *Back to Methusaleh,* and of Frank Reicher as the duped father in *Ambush* and as the cashier in *From Morn to Midnight,* and of Louis Calvert as Undershaft in *Major Barbara,* and of Norman Trevor in *Aimer,* and of E. G. Robinson in *The Lower Depths* and in *The Deluge.*

SURELY WEALTH ENOUGH

I MUST go on and record Jacob Ben Ami in *Samson and Delilah,* and George Marion in *Anna Christie,* and Violet Kemble Cooper as Cynthia Dell in *The Laughing Lady,* and Roland Young as Pierre in *Madame Pierre* and as General Burgoyne in *The Devil's Disciple,* and Mary Shaw in *Mrs. Warren's Profession,* and Margaret Wycherly in *Jane Clegg,* and Helen Westley in that same play and in *Liliom* and *The Lucky One* and *The Adding Machine,* and Lionel Barrymore in *The Letter of the Law,* and Glenn Hunter in *Merton of the Movies,* and Ina Claire in *The Gold Diggers,* and Henry Herbert in *The Faithful,* and Tom Powers as the husband in *The First Fifty Years,* and Margaret Lawrence in *Wedding Bells* and *Secrets,* and Erskine Sanford in *Mr. Pim Passes By,* and Eva Le Gallienne in *Liliom,* and Emily Stevens in *The Unchastened Woman,* and Louis Wolheim in *The Hairy Ape,* and Whitford Kane in *The Madras House* and *The Pigeon.*

One's breath gives out. And yet I must not fail to record Jeanne Eagels, and Robert Kelly as the Rev. Davidson in *Rain,* or W. B. Mack as the tragic father in *A Square Peg,* or Beverly Sitgreaves in the same play and in *The Devil's Disciple,* or Moffat Johnston in *Six Characters in Search of an Author,* or Percy Helton as the young poet in *A Texas Nightingale.* or Dennis King as Gerald in *The Lucky One.*

(*Continued on page* 54)

ALFRED LUNT *as Charles II*

Historical Personages in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury"

LYNN FONTANNE *as Lady Castlemaine*

Camera Painted by Alfred Cheney Johnston

The Mirrors of Stageland

Intimate Glimpses Into the Character and Personality of Broadway's Famous Figures

By THE LADY WITH THE LORGNETTE

XXI.—FLO ZIEGFELD

THERE are Flo Ziegfeld, Florenz Ziegfeld, and Ziegfeld.

You must understand that they are three distinct and different persons. "Flo" Ziegfeld is the boy in the man. That is the reason for the name. "Flo" is the easily approachable being. He is the person across the table from you at dinner or who sits next you under the striped awning of the yacht, or who strolls with you on the white sands at Palm Beach or who—whisper!—stands beside you at the Casino in Monte Carlo and watches the roulette wheel gather or scatter gold pieces. He is the motor companion through the chateau country in France; your partner in the one-step at the Sixty Club. 'Twas Flo Ziegfeld that Billie Burke met in the evolutions of the Virginia reel at the Sixty Club, the smartest social organization in stageland.

"He danced so beautifully and he smelled so sweet—I loved the perfume he used—" said Billie Burke of that encounter which led to an introduction, which led, in short course, to matrimony.

It is the lighter, the younger, the gayer being whom we know as Flo Ziegfeld, and of whom one who has known him, as she says "forever," remarked: "Everybody forgives Flo."

Florenz Ziegfeld! "Ah, that is a different matter, a diverse person. He is the man whom we see stepping from a limousine and taking the elevator to his offices in the New Amsterdam Theatre. It is he who sits in the box with his lovely Titian haired wife. He is the man who surveys an applicant with a sweeping glance, from the tip of the feather on her hat to the toe tip of her pump, and says, "Report to Ned Wayburn." Mr. Wayburn is his stage director. Florenz Ziegfeld is the man who receives members of his staff and, with crisp words, disposes of the business of the day. Florenz Ziegfeld is the man of business. "A cold proposition," those who have business contact with him say. None denies it.

Ziegfeld! The greatest and best known of the three. He is the artist of the trinity. "An artist with all that that implies," his wife says, with mischievous glance. Ziegfeld, as the public knows him, is the man who paints beautiful, seductive pictures with flesh and fine raiment. His soul's brother in the painting is the artist of Turkish descent, Ben Ali Haggin. Mr. Haggin, who works as hard as though he were not a millionaire and the son of a multimillionaire mining king, and Florenz Ziegfeld, son of the founder of the Chicago Musical College, are twins in their visions of beauty. Mr. Ziegfeld dreamed dreams of beauty in the Follies and the Midnight Frolic which Ben Ali Haggin executed in tableaux.

A part of Ziegfeld, whose name is a synonym for the highest physical beauty in production, the man who invented the phrase, "glorifying the American girl," is he who, again according to his frolicsome comedienne's spouse, puts on "Horrid, black rimmed spectacles and sticks his nose into a book of history or philosophy for a whole evening and insists upon staying at home."

Flo Ziegfeld is the "mixer," the mingler, the good fellow, the most likable of the three men in one. Florenz Ziegfeld is the contract maker, the cash register, the closed bank individual. Ziegfeld is the producer, supreme in his adopted field, the revue, in this country.

XXII.—HENRY MILLER

I SAW Henry Miller at tea at the Plaza today. What a manner that man has! If he hadn't been an actor of many parts, he would have been a Ward McAllister. He carries a drawing-room air about with him. Almost you can descry the white bear rugs, and the gold legs of Louis Quinze chairs, in his atmosphere.

It isn't in the least a pose. It is as natural for him as the air he breathes or the well tailored clothes he wears as unconsciously as though he were born in them instead of otherwise.

He is the sybarite of the American theatre. The little lounge below stairs in his theatre has the rugs, the old spinet, the mural paintings, the alcoved privacy, the gas log warmth, of a gentleman's home. His office above stairs is like a study in a fine, old house. The private room in his theatre, where he rests between matinee and evening performances, and where he sometimes dines, is luxury *de luxe*.

He is an ideal host. If you see him at the big white house atop one of the highest hills about Stamford, Conn.—for which Sky Farm is a misnomer,—it ought to be called Marble Hall—you see him at his best. At rehearsals, or on those occasions when he comes before the curtain and tells what he thinks of some critics, you see him at his worst. No one knows that better than he.

"I would give all that I am worth if I could command the ferocity that springs up in me when I am combated or contradicted," I have heard him say. He says it humbly, ingratiatingly, as a little boy who has been naughty and who repents. He is truly repentant. Yet no operation ever has been performed that has removed the virus that remains after a mental encounter with a critic whom, he thinks, has wronged him.

"I used to regard critics with awe until I read their plays," he remarks, smiling while he stings. And I have heard him say with an air of affability: "Contrary to his opinion, some things occurred in and about the theatre before Mr. Blank went on *The Leaf*."

For the Henry Miller of today, actor of a hundred parts, who has attained to the dignity more common in England and France than in this country, of ownership of a theatre and the production of plays, in which he and others have starred, he entertains the respect that is his due. For the other Henry Miller, he of an earlier day, ranked as one of the greatest love-makers of the stage, he has small esteem. He voiced it when he spoke at a banquet given to Mrs. Fiske by the Society of Arts and Sciences. He pish tushed at Otis Skinner, the reluctant toast master.

He says, "Mrs. Fiske has always stood for the best in the theatre. She hasn't. There was a time when she stood for the worst. That was when she tolerated me as her leading man."

He told the story of *Caprice,* whimsically turning the pathos and romance of the old-fashioned play into jest. He concluded by saying, "And she would sing *In the Gloaming*."

If Mr. Miller had been born to millions instead of the sock and buskin, he would have been the wit and ornament of Fifth Avenue drawing rooms. But—and that is a matter of regret in the smart set—he displays his social gifts only on the stage. He declines, unequivocally, to go about. Life has three points for him, his home on the hill above Stamford, the theatre, and the train which conveys him from one city where he has played to the city where he will play.

XXIII.—FLORENCE REED

I SAW Florence Reed at one of the special matinees of *Morphia.* Florence takes busmen's holidays. You recall the London busman who had not had a holiday for forty years. When asked how he spent it he said, "Riding around on the buses with the other drivers." Roland Reed's daughter is not one of the mimes who suffers from boredom with the stage, or who assumes it. She is too good an actress, too worthy a daughter of a worthy actor, for that. She is an assiduous student of the theatre.

(*Continued on page* 54)

Rufe Cagle (*Alan Birmingham*), in his crude but none the less sincere and tender way, woos Emmy (*Anne Elstner*), the drab little daughter of a neighboring mountaineer.

Holding, with a caressing touch, the hoe her beloved son has used in his farm work, Widow Cagle (*Lucile La Verne*), the mountaineer, stands in the doorway of her cabin, and watches him march away to war.

Disapproving of war, Widow Cagle, who, for forty years has been "'agin' the law," listens silently, but with repressed anger, as her son tells his sweetheart that he has enlisted.

With a shotgun, Widow Cagle prepares to take the life of a lad whose father, in a mountain feud, had killed her boy's "pap." Her son's wife flings herself in front of him, and, in the end, the widow sees the baseness and futility of murder.

Photos White, N. Y.

THE NEW PLAY

Scenes in "Sunup," a Drama of Primitive and Elemental People

Tempted by the red lips of Kitty Lake (*Roberta Beatty*), the Hon. Willie Tatham (*Leslie Howard*) steals a kiss during the absence of his wife.

Lord Grenham (*Cyril Maude*), himself a philanderer of long experience, comes to the aid of his son when the latter's wife threatens to divorce him.

Lady Frinton (*Mabel Terry-Lewis*) scandalizes the Hon. Mrs. Ernest (*Marguerite St. John*) with gossip of Lord Grenham's peccadillos, but admits she would marry him.

Hon. Willie, having manoeuvred his wife (*Alma Tell*) into a position where she is forced to admit she is as guilty as himself, they both agree to make up.

Over a friendly glass of Scotch, Lord Grenham and the rector (*Harry Ashford*) come to the conclusion that we're all—?

THE NEW PLAY

Cyril Maude in "Aren't We All?," an Extremely Tenuous Comedy of English Life

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

Aren't We All?

Comedy in three acts by Frederick Lonsdale, produced at the Gaiety Theatre by Charles Dillingham on June 4, with the following cast:

Hon. Willie Tatham, Leslie Howard; Lady Frinton, Mabel Terry-Lewis; Arthur Wells, Denis Gurney; Martin Steel, Jack Whiting; Kitty Lake, Roberta Beatty; Lord Grenham, Cyril Maude; Margot Tatham, Alma Tell; Hon. Mrs. Ernest Lynton, Margherite St. John; Rev. Ernest Lynton, Harry Ashford; John Willocks, Geoffrey Millar.

THE amazing popularity of this thin, inconsequential little comedy must astonish even the star himself albeit Mr. Cyril Maude is accustomed to successful flukes. It will be recalled that the serious play he brought to America in 1914 proved a failure and that *Grumpy,* resorted to as a possible filler in, walked away with the money. This season Mr. Maude repeats the experience. *If Winter Comes* left Broadway unresponsive and Frederick Lonsdale's anaemic little piece, offered in lieu of something better, packs 'em in! Who can guess which way the cat is going to jump?

Such a slender plot as *Aren't We All?* can boast of, concerns a fugitive kiss. In the absence of his wife, supposed to be travelling in Egypt, the Hon. Willie Tatham samples the red lips of a pretty visitor. But he's not quick enough. His wife, who has returned unexpectedly from abroad, enters at the psychological moment and catches him red handed or rather red lipped. For a moment there is a promise of drama arising out of this incident. Wife gets mad, weeps, and makes dire threats. But her own conscience is none too easy. She also has been doing some kissing on her own account in Egypt—aren't we all doing it? hence the title. How hubbie finds this out, thanks to the manoeuvring of his philandering father, a gay old blade of vast feminine experience, who does his woman hunting in the British Museum, constitutes all the humor and thrill there is in the piece.

Only Mr. Maude's own amiable personality and the excellent cast supporting him make the thing at all possible. To those who enjoyed the English comedian as Grumpy or even his Lord Richard in the Pantry, this portrayal of an old libertine who delights in clandestine meetings with flashy shop girls seems a burlesque quite unworthy of so distinguished an actor. Leslie Howard is charming and débonair as the son, and Alma Tell as the young wife was very lovely and satisfying.

Helen of Troy, N. Y.

Musical Comedy in two acts. Book by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. Music and lyrics by Bertram Harrison and Henry Ruby. Produced at the Selwyn Theatre by Rufus Le Maire and George Jessel, June 19, with this cast:

Elias Yarrow, Tom Lewis; C. Warren Jennings, Roy Atwell; Baron De Cartier, Joseph Lertora; Theodore Mince, Charles Lawrence; Harper Williams, Clyde Hunnewell; David Williams, Paul Frawley; Helen McGuffey, Helen Ford; Maribel McGuffey, Queenie Smith; Grace Yarrow, Stella Hoban.

OWING to the utter unimportance of the plot late comers will positively be seated at all times during the play."

This admission is made in print, right at the top of the program, so that everyone knows what to expect or rather what not to expect.

Helen of Troy, N. Y., in short, is a typical Summer show. It appeals particularly to the t. b. m. in that it makes no great demands on his grey matter.

A number of individual hits were made. Tom Lewis was funny as the collar manufacturer, and the heroine—the downtrodden employee of the factory—was charmingly played by Helen Ford who has such a pleasing voice 'tis a pity she's not given more opportunity to use it. Charles Lawrence was amusing as the moron who poses for collar ads.

Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

MERTON OF THE MOVIES—One of the cleverest, freshest satirical comedies in years.

WILDFLOWER—A tuneful and attractive musical comedy perfectly suited to the talents of its star, Edith Day. Refreshing amusement in contrast to the usual summer show.

RAIN—A corking melodrama that haunts the memory and proves we have *some* actors.

YOU AND I—An excellent American comedy with an idea behind it and capitally played.

ZANDER THE GREAT—Good old-fashioned melodrama, admirably acted by Alice Brady.

But it was distinctly Queenie Smith's night. This diminutive blonde who has carried away the honors in any number of musical shows because of her saucy personality and clever dancing, again scored heavily in this plot-less musical melange. She does the hardest work in the cast and her dainty, insouciant spirit of youth is joy in itself.

The Passing Show of 1923

Spectacular show. Book by Harold Atteridge. Music by Sigmund Romberg and Jean Schwartz. Presented at the Winter Garden by the Messrs. Shubert on June 14, with these principals:

Helen Shipman, Jean Steele, George Jessel, Hal Van Rensselear, Barnett Barker, Jack Hall, Roy Cummings. Billee Shaw, Joan Hay, William Pringle, Bob Nelson, Alex Morrison, Josephine Drake, George Hassel, James Hamilton, Louise Dose, Walter Woolf.

SUBLIMATED vaudeville" describes fairly accurately these annual kaleidoscopic Revues, the harvest of which is particularly abundant at this time of year. What more are they, in fact, than the pick of the two-a-day enhanced by all the scenic splendor a lavish management can devise? The result is a spectacle that appeals irresistibly to both eye and ear. Gorgeous *mise en scène,* astonishingly beautiful tableaux, stunning looking girls in lovely costumes, a riot of color and pulchritude, the whole mingled so cunningly with amusing variety acts that one's interest is never allowed to flag for an instant, but increases crescendo up to the final curtain.

What can one say of this particular show, except that in bigness, sumptuousness, it eclipses all the Mssrs. Shubert have yet attempted. The *Living Chandelier* tableau, in which all the supports and branches of a gigantic crystal chandelier are seen to be living semi-nude girls, fairly takes one's breath away for sheer audacity and beauty. Among the other features, *The Lesson in Golf,* in which Alex Morrison, the American Trick Golf Champion and Joan Hay are seen; *In an Upper Box at the French Comedy; The French Revolution,* a picturesque tableau by Ben Ali Haggin, and the *Animated Curtain,* are the tidbits in a wonderful show.

George White's Scandals

A Summer Musical Show; Lyrics by G. B. Sylva, E. Ray Goetz and Ballard McDonald: Music by George Gershwin, presented at the Globe by George White on June 18. Cast:

Olive Vaughn, London Palace Girls, Mischa Vol Janin, Winnie Lightner, Richard Bold, Helen Hudson, Lester Allen, Tom Patricola, Johnny Dooley, Beulah Berson, Newton Alexander, DeLyle Alda, Georgie Lerch.

HERE is a literal ravishment of color and beauty—silks and satins, silver drapes and furbelows—a gorgeous theatrical summer flower, delighting the eye and stunning the senses into a mood of easy susceptibility. But, like most entertainments of its kind, it seems a rather Burbankish creation, forced into bloom over night, as it were, with chemical agents hardly strong enough to lend it savor. It is beautiful to look at, but has no perfume.

Still, this is the sort of thing which the theatrical psychologists feel appeals to the iced-tea appetites of summer patrons, and they may be right. The costumes and settings are exceptional; the talents that Mr. George White lets loose in this florid jungle, however, are considerably less than interesting. A few performers, such as the London Palace Girls, Mr. Johnny Dooley, and Winnie Lightner, are bright enough—in fragmentary moments—to outshine the glittering *mise-en-scène,* but the rest are rather tepid ingredients.

By way of spice, there is a Folies Bergère Paris Curtain containing a number of reclining nude ladies who would attain much more of an aesthetic effect if they could refrain from giggling, and an elaborate fountain scene, also plentifully supplied with scantily-clad young women. All in all, a typical summer show, rather above the average.

Not So Fast

Comedy in three acts produced at the Morosco Theatre by John Henry Mears on May 22, with the following cast:

Robin Standish, James Dyrenforth; Sylvester Vane, Theodore Westman, Jr.; Arabella, Beatrice Bradley; Rose Standish, Marian Mears; Mary Standish, Ann Davis; James Barton Acton, Leon Gordon; Henry Watterson Blake, Mr. Holmes; Fay Fothergill, Jeane Greene.

PURVEYORS of summer shows are as successful as usual this year in keeping their productions down to a mediocre level. Stale, negative, dull entertainment—often fit for neither man nor beast. Some, however, of middle quality—neither very good, nor atrociously bad. Conrad Westervelt's new piece belongs to this more conservative type. If it accomplishes nothing else, it will at least have a tendency to popularize Southern men, for the entire play is founded on the chivalry of a man from Kentucky, who just about as near perfect a specimen as a male can be. This gentleman, from South of the Mason and Dixon line, is one of the guardians of the children of a dead friend. He visits them just in time to learn that their other guardian—a self appointed one, it is later discovered—is about to dissipate their fortune in a crooked Wall Street deal.

This slow-going, drawling, droll person from Kentucky sets himself to the task of foiling the villain. Because of his characteristics, the villain calls him the "Blimp," which, incidentally, was the title under which this comedy appeared for some time. Taylor Holmes lends admirably his ingratiating personality to the rôle of the gentle, cautious, kindly Kentuckian who is determined to protect the interests of his wards. He is particularly effective in the love scenes with the elder daughter, giving sincerity to his speech and actions.

Ann Davis, as the elder ward, used as a pawn by the unscrupulous Wall Street dabbler, makes the most of the rôle.

Marian Mears, as the keen, little flapper, was natural and lovable. Her young face and figure were well suited to the part. Jeane Greene made a pert little Wall Street stenographer, though she over acted. Theodore Westman, Jr., interpreted well the callow qualities of an immature youth, but this character is somewhat overdrawn. Yale freshmen are fresh, but scarcely as unsophisticated and childish as he is made.

Adrienne

Musical comedy in two acts, produced at the George M. Cohan Theatre by Louis F. Werba on May 28, with the following cast:

Sid Darrel, Charles Cahill Wilson; Nora Malone, Laura Arnold; Prison Guard, John Kearney; First Prisoner, William Creco; Second Prisoner, Mohamed Haussain; Third Prisoner, Robert Mazuz; Bunk Allen, Billy B. Van; Grace Clayton, Mabel Ferry; Thomas, Robert Starr; John Grey, Richard Carle; Mrs. John Gray, Jean Newcomb; Bob Gordon, Dan Healy; Adrienne Grey, Vivienne Segal; Stephen Hayes, Harry Fender; Shrine Attendant, John Kearney.

ADRIENNE is just another summer show, with the sweetly headstrong prima donna, the lovelorn tenor, the nagging wife, and henpecked husband, the fortune in jeopardy, the Oriental ballet, the limpid love-waltz, the comedy crook, all the time-tried machines of the musical comedy factory, from which this completely standardized product emerges, a hot-weather offering on the shrine of the Out-of-town Buyer.

The dark plot is that Adrienne's interest in the occult throws her into the clutches of a trio of fake mystics who operate a trap-door riddled temple in the wilds of Flatbush. The young lady's infuriated parents and sympathetic girl-friends follow her to this stronghold of villainy and are on hand to congratulate the tenor when he saves her from the rogues who are after her jewels. The one thing honest in the temple is the frank leg-display when the social buds of Adrienne's set follow literally the yogi's instructions to "lay aside the vanity of personal adornment." Only a few beads temper the winds of Broadway to these little lambs.

Vivienne Segal, in the title rôle, is sweet to hear and to observe. Richard Carle indulges in his familiar chin-chucking flirtations as her brow-beaten papa, while Billy B. Van, as an habitual jailbird, arrayed "neat but not gaudy" in the low comedy trappings of the pseudo-swami, is the strength of the show.

The girls are pretty and plentiful, the jokes not too subtle and the tunes not too strange. *Adrienne* is not worse than most summer girls, but not a wit better.

Antigone

Tragedy by Sophocles. Produced by Equity Players at the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre on May 24, with the following cast:

Antigone, Edith Wynne Matthison; Ismene, Margaret Gage; Creon, Charles Rann Kennedy; A Watchman, Margaret Love; Haemon, Alnah James; Tiresias, Margaret Lippitt; Attendant to Tiresias, Virginia Avery; A Messenger, Margaret Underhill; Eurydice, Millicent McLaughlin; Another Messenger, Katherine Durell; Leader of Chorus, Berry Middleton; Priest of Dionysus, Jean Judd.

WITH Edith Wynne Matthison and Charles Rann Kennedy in the leading rôles, the *Antigone* of Sophocles, one of the earliest of its author's extant plays, was recently given three matinee performances by the Equity Players, Inc. With the exception of Mr. Kennedy, all of the members of the cast were women, assuming both the masculine and feminine rôles, and this had a tendency to take from the vigor of the performance—injecting the sexless note into work which was otherwise stately and erudite.

The *Antigone* belongs to the center of the age of Pericles, and Sophocles causes it to represent a glorious moment in the life of Athens. It is a noble and profoundly tender characterization of woman's heroism. It is Greek art at the peak. Ancient literature can show no finer poetical creation. This tragedy by the Athenian tragic poet centers about the death of Polynices, son and heir to Oedipus. Supplanted by his younger brother, Eteocles, he brought an army of Argives against his native city, Thebes. The army was defeated and the two brothers slew each other. The play opens at the dawn of the day following the fratricidal combat. Creon, brother-in-law of Oedipus, succeeding to power, forbade the burial of Polynices, ordering that it be placed outside the walls of Thebes, to be consumed by birds and dogs. For Polynices' brother, champion of Thebes, the king ordered an honorable burial. He decreed that any one found burying Polynices should be stoned to death. Antigone, Polynices' sister, defied the edict, holding that no human law could supersede the higher law of the gods.

She performs the burial rite, and Creon, enraged, orders that she be buried alive in a sepulchre. A blind prophet warns him that his act will bring the wrath of the gods down upon him, but he remains obdurate. Antigone hangs herself with her veil in the sepulchre, Creon's son, who was her bethrothed, stabs himself to death near her body, and his mother, the Queen, distracted by grief, kills herself when she learns of his death.

Charles Rann Kennedy, as the stinate and vindictive Creon, presented a magnificent figure, his diction almost flawless. Edith Wynne Matthison was effective as the heroic, sombre-souled Antigone, the sister, who, though tender, has an overwhelming scorn for weakness, an almost fanatical belief in her selection by the gods to perform the sacred rite of burial. A bit more tenderness interwoven with the steely fearlessness and determination of the self-imposed martyrdom, might have made the figure of Antigone more the character that Sophocles must have intended her to be.

Wildflower

Musical play in 3 acts. Book and lyrics by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd; music by Herbert Stothart and Vincent Youmans. Produced at the Casino Theatre Feb. 7, with the following cast:

Luigi, Jerome Daley; Gabrielle, Olin Howland; Gaston La Roche, Bernard Gorcey; Bianca Benedetto, Gladys Dore; Alberto, Tyler Brooke; Guido, Guy Robertson; Nina Benedetto, Edith Day; Lucrezia La Roche, Esther Howard; Specialty Dancers, Cortez and Peggy.

WHETHER or not this musical comedy, which has lasted far into the summer season, was written expressly for Edith Day, its Viennese romance is admirably suited to the talents of this young prima donna. With an intelligible book, music that is more than ordinarily fresh and original, and a cast of capable performers, it seems destined to continue at its present stand until the next coal bills come due.

The rather slight but distinguishable plot involves a fiery, hot-tempered, little peasant maid, Nina Benedetto (Edith Day), who to win a legacy, must leave her home and her lover and keep her temper for five months in the face of a provocative gang of fortune hunters.

Miss Day, in her singing and acting, is Nina to the life. Now and then we run across a musical comedy star who could—by virtue of a real histrionic ability—be transplanted into the legitimate without much trouble. Miss Day is a comedienne who "gets her laughs" with a deft and sure artistry. Her voice, while nothing extraordinary, is flute-like and musical.

As Lucrezia La Roche, a designing adventuress, Esther Howard is refreshingly full of ginger, and Bernard Gorcey and Olin Howland provide two eccentric comedy characters which are consistently amusing. Guy Robertson, who sings the leading man's rôle, has a clear and agreeable tenor voice and ability as an actor.

Many of the music numbers are already on the hand organs and player-pianos. The score is well orchestrated and rich in color, unusually so for the customary Broadway production of its kind. The piece is prettily dressed, the hunting costumes by Le Maire being particularly attractive. It is well worth seeing, for those who enjoy a tuneful, clean little operetta.

Nina (*Edith Day*) mocks the amorous attentions of the pompous villain, Gaston La Roche (*Bernard Gorcey*), without losing her valuable temper.

(*Below*) Lucrezia La Roche (*Esther Howard*), the charming villainess, who puts crimps in the plot with a consistent and charming nonchalence.

Guido (*Guy Robertson*) declares his love for Nina (*Edith Day*) in an irresistible tenor. But Guido's aspirations have to wait—until the last half of the last act.

Nina is welcomed home to Casimo by the Lombardy villagers, after successfully passing her ordeal and winning her legacy.

A MUSICAL COMEDY GEM

"Wildflower" Brings a Refreshing Touch of Romance to Jaded Broadway

(*Left to Right*) Sir Benjamin Backbite (*Henry Dixey*), Lady Sneerwell (*Violet Kemble Cooper*), Crabtree (*Etienne Girardot*), Mrs. Candour (*Charlotte Walker*), Footman (*Walter Hampden*), Maria (*Carroll Mc Comas*), Joseph Surface (*McKay Morris*).

The gossips tearing reputations to tatters in Lady Sneerwell's drawing room.

Sir Peter Teazle (*John Drew*), upbraids Lady Teazle (*Ethel Barrymore*), for her extravagance and lack of affection.

(*Left to right*) Sir Peter (*John Drew*), Charles Surface (*Charles Richman*), Lady Teazle (*Miss Barrymore*), Joseph Surface (*Mr. Morris*).

Discovered hiding behind the screen in Joseph Surface's rooms, Lady Teazle denounces Joseph as a profligate and hypocrite.

Photos Bruguière

THE PLAYERS' CLUB'S ANNUAL CLASSIC REVIVAL

Sheridan's Famous Comedy "The School for Scandal" Interpreted by an all Star Cast

Panning Channing

Mr. Pollock's Literary Godfather Takes a Hand at the Present Popular Parlor Sport

By WILLARD HOLCOMB

STANDING over there in the corner,—trying to look modest,—is the man who put me in this business."

With them cruel words, Channing Pollock affixed the brand of Cain to my blushing brow, and I have waited all this time to get even with him. The occasion was The Friars' *bon voyage* dinner to their Friar Dean, at the Hotel Astor. The Friars thought Pollock was going to London to put his *Sign on the Door* permanently, so they toasted and roasted and feasted him to a fare-you-well. Channing basely invited me to this banquet, and then—like an obese Banquo,—shook his gory locks at me and said, "I done it"—or words to that effect.

Possibly it wasn't quite so bad as that, since a man who suborns to journalism and incites playwriting is not exactly a man-slaughterer. Rather it was as if Oliver Twist, grown to Gilbertian Chestertonian proportions and corresponding prosperity in crime, had pointed out poor old Fagin to his friends and accused him,—as aforesaid.

JUST BELOW THE ANGELS

AND it was a terrible accusation! Everybody connected with the theatrical business knows that playwrights rank just a little below the angels—who back musical comedies. There is nothing ranker than that. Also no manager ever lived who did not secretly consider the royalty he has to pay the author as blood money, extracted by some kind of hypnotism or intimidation,—since it is thoroughly established along the Rialto that everybody connected with the production, from the star to the property man, had to rewrite the play before it was a success. So firmly is this belief imbedded in managerial minds that I wonder if Manager Pollock does not half begrudge the royalties he has to pay to Channing Pollock, author of *The Fool?*

But, as the French phrase it: "To return to our pollock." (N. B.—The dictionary says that "pollock is a species of fish"—evidently not a *poisson d'Avril,*—even if he did write *The Fool.*) However, since everybody is picking a bone with Pollock nowadays, why should one of his oldest and best-trusted friends refrain? Panning Channing has become more popular than Mah Jong in parlor theatrical circles,—"and none so poor who cannot do him ir-reverence." The most unkindest cut of all was delivered when the Drama League called his most successful play Hokum—and there's where I come in.

OUR FIRST MEETING

WITH the kind permission of the Board of Censor-swingers we will now flash back to Washington, D. C.,—office of *The Washington Post,* at approximately the period of Free Silver, and the free lunch counter. I had just escaped from college, with a literary degree purloined from Workshop 23, and landed on the dramatic desk of *The Post,* by grace of Scott C. Bone,—now Governor of Alaska. But to keep me duly humble, and also make me earn my salary, I was compelled to edit the Boys and Girls' page.

One day as I sat at my desk—incubating mighty ideas for the regeneration of the Drama—(which was then considered just as decadent as it is now—"and ever will be, world without end"—Amen)—or possibly editing some of Helen Irene Rowland's first feministic epigrams—the door opened and—Enter Our Hero—Channing Pollock, attired in the uniform of a Virginia military academy. Ryan Walker drew a clever caricature of Channing in his cadet uniform for the menu of the aforementioned Friars' dinner, but I remember Pollock of that period as a tall, slender and rather stooped-at-the-shoulders youth, wearing the long, form-fitting cape overcoat. He doffed his cap and extending his right arm with the swooping motion of a swan's neck, shook my hand and introduced himself—as a journalist both by inheritance and inclination—almost by compulsion at that particular crisis.

CHANNING POLLOCK
(As seen by Wynn)

It appeared that his father, as editor of the *Salt Lake Times,* had incurred the gratitude of the U. S. Government so that he had been appointed Consul General to San Salvadore in 1894. Contrary to custom, Mr. Pollock persisted in remaining at his post of duty during an epidemic of yellow fever, from which he died. Congress gave him a vote of thanks, and Channing had to quit school and go to work at once. He had just interveiwed "Red" Walker, our sardonic city editor, who said: "Got enough cub reporters now. Go in and see Holcomb—he runs the Boys and Girls' department."

This cynicism never pheazed Pollock, nor has any discouragement ever deterred him from following smilingly his set purpose in life. Both being bitten with the theatrical bug, Channing and I hit it off, all but the hand-shaking. For some time Pollock persisted in this formality every morning when we met, until I passed him the office shears and bade him cut down his own copy. Thereafter he refrained.

Channing's manners, for which I blame his dear little Southern mother, were always too nice for a newspaper office; but I am glad to see that, thanks to my early influence, and the managers he has since associated with, he has developed into a rough-and-tumble controversialist whose hand-shake is as perfunctory as a pugilist's before a fight. The way he lit into the Drama Leaguers and basted them over their own dinner-table proves Pollock a past master of post prandial vituperation. I confidently expect to see him elected to Congress on the Ford ticket—he is such a rattling "knocker."

DEBUT AS A CRITIC

THE first assignment of importance I gave Channing was to criticize the Cherry Sisters. Those who had the misfortune to see this band of bucolic barnstormers will agree that the occasion called for a poleaxe, but Pollock's pen was the deadliest weapon available at that time. The Cherries were a herd of corn-fed heifers from out Kansas way. I recall voicing a wish that Carrie Nation, the original axe-wielder of the Anti-Saloon League, would chop down their family tree *à la* G. W.

Somehow the Sisters had acquired the delusion that they were public entertainers. I never knew whom to blame, but there were some terrible "stringers" out their way before Roy McCardell and Bide Dudley came East.

The Cherries performed—in the sense of "went through"—the gosh awfullest program of punk songs and shuffles, plays and recitations ever heard outside a backwoods school exhibition. Some mid-Western manager, imbued with an ironic sense of humor, or possibly a desire to reciprocate some of the road companies booked out his way, took the Cherry Sisters on tour. The advance agent frankly advertised them as the world's worst actresses, and casually suggested that vegetable bouquets would be suitable rewards for their antartistic endeavors.

(*Continued on page* 54)

Paris Grand Guignol Coming to America

Spicy Reflections on French Theatrical Novelties and Performers

(From Our Paris Correspondent)

Paris, June 15, 1923

THE big news, of course, is that the Grand Guignol, one of the unique theatrical institutions of the French capital, is about to embark for New York under the aegis of the Selwyns to repeat in your city the phenomenal success of the Moscow Art Theatre. It is understood here that it was the uncertainty of the Guitrys making their promised American tour which prompted the Selwyns to fall back on the next best Parisian attraction—one so world-famous that its triumph *outre mer* goes without question. There are 200 plays in the Grand Guignol repertoire, one act thrillers and *risqué* comedies. Many of the latter are, naturally, quite impossible for American consumption. The more salacious pieces will no doubt, be left behind and a feature made of the more successful of the thrillers of which the Grand Guignol has always made a specialty. The present plan is to present in America two comedies and two thrillers in a weekly change of bill. The company, which opens in October, includes eighteen players headed by Max and Paulette, the two noted male players, and Mlle. Maxa. I have no space today to make more than the bare announcement of the American tour, but in my next letter I shall have more to say about this interesting organization.

Gilbert René

Scene in the Piteoff production of *Dorian Gray* at the Comédie Champs Elysées. The atmosphere is created with purple velvet hangings and a few luxurious properties.

NUDITY ON THE STAGE

THE New York public usually assumes that French farces and revues may go to any length on their native stage without encountering protest from the Parisian public. This year, however, has seen several moral controversies with reference to productions in Paris. There was heavy discussion concerning the aesthetic or non-aesthetic appeal of the nude figures in the revue at the Folies Bergère. At the Palace, wholesale nudity, with the additional horror of nudes who do not remain strictly motionless, has been charged; and poor Harry Pilcer has been called into court for dancing *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune,* long a standard number in the program of the Russian Ballet. Jean-François Fonson, with a play called Mlle. Mon Fils, whose story concerns the rearing of a girl as a boy, and the complications ensuing upon the discovery of her real sex, braved public disapproval and, with explanations and conciliatory speeches, prolonged the run of his play in the face of shocked audiences. Even Yves Mirande, whose *Ta Bouche* has run hundreds of performances at the Daunou, encountered opposition with his succeeding play, *Edith de Nantes.* The plot in this case dealt with a Parisienne who accepted lavish mercenary contributions from two mature lovers for the maintenance, in proper style, of herself and *Gigolo* (the latter paying in person only, as it were). A single case of opposition having been met in the action of a former deputy who walked out, and thus precipitated one of the typical French yelling contests in the house, Yves Mirande insisted upon withdrawing the play at once. And the run of *Ta Bouche* was resumed at the Daunou.

The program at La Maison de l'Oeuvre developed little to rank with its best productions of a year ago. D'Annunzio's *La Giaconda* is fundamentally weak as drama, consisting largely of long winded confessions made by the principal characters to their respective confidantes. The play deals romantically with the love of an artist for beauty, as embodied in a certain type of woman, and the domination of all personal devotions by this aesthetic feeling. Yet the protagonist is presented by the Oeuvre in a milieu of atrocious taste.

PLAY OF JEWISH MANNERS

ADOLPHE ORNA'S *La Dette de Schmil* was tried out last year at the Oeuvre, and reappeared this year condensed into two acts from the original three, an improvement which did much to obviate its formerly too linear construction. It has recently been translated for America. The play is an exposition of Jewish manners and emotional reactions in a small European community—an interesting and occasionally moving, if somewhat monotonous, study of character. Pierre Mille and Jacques Loria contribute another variation on the eternal French theme of the cocu, called this time, *Le Cadi et le Cocu.* The

(*Continued on page* 54)

Gilbert René

The Prison, the most successful scene in the production of Tolstoi's *Resurrection* at the Odéon. Vera Sergine, who plays the principal rôle, is shown at the extreme right of the picture.

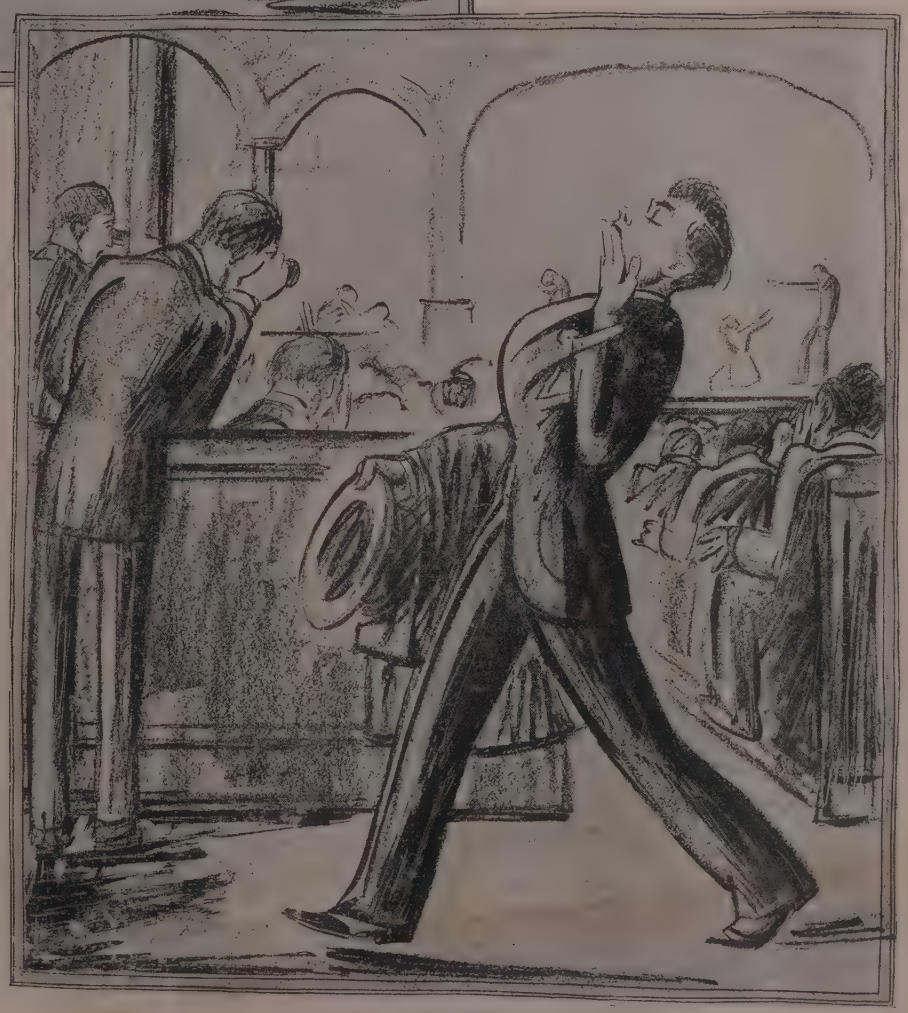
Theatre Magazine Exposes the New York Critics

Caricatures by Richard Lahey

No. 4

The great of the earth have been proud to see their names writ on granite. ALAN DALE, now of the *American* and for forty years and more the Touchstone of metropolitan dramatic criticism, is content if his humorous prose attains the dignity of publicity on an ash can.

Next Month: Charles Darnton of the Evening *World* and Burns Mantle of the *Daily News*.



GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, of *Smart Set*, is the snatch-your-coat-and-beat-it champion of the American theatre. He has never been known to stay for a third act at anything but German tragedies and Columbia burlesques. To peevish managers he explains that the first five minutes of any show lets him know all about it!

If I Were a Manager

By H. B. WARNER
(*Leading Man of "You and I"*)

IF I were a manager I would endeavor always to produce the higher class of play—the play with a thought behind it. It is not necessary to have the proverbial punch, or kick, exemplified by shouting, and guns, and dark scenes; that *punch* can be just as well attained in a heart throb, provided the situation rings true. A choke in a woman's voice—or in a mans', for that matter—can be just as effective in obtaining the desired thrill as a battery of siege guns! If I were a manager those are the plays I would choose—the clean plays, the true plays—such plays as the really intelligent producers ransack the market to find.

It would be difficult to define what would be my idea of a great manager. Let me try to conjure up that as-yet unknown being. So many qualifications are necessary! I call Herndon a fine manager—a man who is game, has a fine knowledge of his public, produces plays as well as we know how, accepts success modestly, and failure good-naturedly, as being all part of the game.

As to what plays a great manager should select, George Bernard Shaw hits the nail on the head when he says that the best a manager can do is to give the public what it thinks it wants. After all, the stage is a business like any other, and no one can thrive by losing money—any more than a painter could thrive who did not sell pictures. As a manager I would endeavor to be as close to the pulse of the public as it was possible for me to be, and to select plays which I thought they would be most interested in at the time.

Regarding my relation to my company, if as a manager, and a *good* manager, I had secured the best cast possible, and the most efficient director, I should then go back to managing in my own office, confining my attentions to the departmental work and to the things I knew and understood. I should no more think of telling an actor or a producer how to act and produce than I should expect one of the members of the company to come and tell me how to run my office. Some managers would not agree with me in this, but if *I* were a manager, that is what I should do.

I should endeavor also to maintain harmony and team work in my company. In order to attain perfection in rhythm, a company must be in as perfect co-operation as the members of an eight-oared crew. This rule is often neglected in present-day productions, and there are a number of plays on Broadway which I think would be greatly improved if there was a little more team work in the company. The lack of it results in destruction—it is the bruising of the whole, a certain jarring in the mechanism, the worm in an otherwise flawless peach. I should insist that every one in the cast eliminate self, for the good of the entire company; and that they act *to each other, with each other, and for each other.*

My present play, in which there are but six characters, illustrates this point. The story is a simple one, natural and appealing. It might take place in any drawing-room. Its success depends upon how naturally, and how *humanly* it is portrayed. Any effort on the part of one or two members of the cast to draw special attention to themselves would destroy the effect. A play is not a monologue. If there are ten speaking characters, through lack of co-operation the smallest one of these can mar terribly the general effect that is being tried for by the other nine. It is the old story of the chain and a weak link.

In my opinion, the oft-heard statement that art and the box office cannot go hand in hand is a fallacy. As a manager I would entirely disregard any such belief. Art can go with the box office just as well as trash can go with the box office. No one can tell me that the public does not appreciate art. I know that it does. And the American public is as enthusiastic over artistic production as any public in the whole wide world. By artistic production I mean the keeping of the play as close to the subject as one can conceive it, achieving the highest point of truth within the power of suggestion.

If I Were an Actor

By JOHN GOLDEN
(*Producer of "Seventh Heaven"*)

IF I were an actor—

Well, I *was* one. And, if Alan Dale is to be relied upon, a good one. He gave me a good notice in a rôle I portrayed in a play by Henry Guy Carleton many years ago. I have it still in a scrapbook. But then, Mr. Dale and I don't always agree. Perhaps, if I really had been a good actor, I would not have had to become a manager. Put this down for one of those vain regrets, those dance programs of years ago that old maids treasure, that I loved the smell of the grease paint so much I wanted to have it always with me. I love it still. The theatre is my mistress.

If I were an actor—

I would keep ever before me the necessity for actually becoming the man I portrayed, not merely to wear his clothes and speak his lines, but to think his thoughts.

I would take every good play that was ever written—classic and modern—from the Greek tragedies, the morality and Biblical plays, down to the hits, the great plays, of today. And I would study them, I would try to discover the secrets of their success.

I would take what I consider the greatest parts ever written and study them and live them. I would become those characters so completely that in leisure moments I could lay aside my own personality at will and step into *Romeo, Cyrano, Hamlet* or *Lightnin' Bill Jones* with effortless ease.

I would refuse to depict rôles of human depravity. To me the shibboleth that art justifies portrayal of any phase of human strength or weakness, is nothing else than a lie invented by those who prefer the immoral and the unwholesome for their own sake but who are too cowardly to make a frank admission to that effect.

There is, of course, one impelling motive which drives men into doing things of which they are not proud—hunger. If I were a starving actor, or even just a hungry actor, I might consent to play that sort of thing which seems to be creeping uptown from downtown like an insidious disease from a plague center. But I would have to be mighty desperate. I believe that, unless the notches in my belt had been used to the last hole, I would refuse as a decent American actor (the only kind, I take it, under consideration) to play, under the lying cloak of *movements* or *new thought* or *new theatre* or *art,* things that are nothing else than disguised filth.

If I were an actor, I would avoid excess—excess in my own life, in emotion, in liquor, in the performance of tasks of any sort outside of my stage labors. There is in the actor a certain creative force which he must conserve if he is to play fair with the public and with himself. If he scatters it prodigally on this and that, it may become dissipated, leaving him spent. He must study himself and become acquainted with his resources, so that he shall not some day find himself overdrawn at the bank.

I would consider the public not as a collection of persons from whom money and applause was to be won, but rather as good friends who looked to me to express for them the things that are in their hearts. On their account as much as my own, therefore, I would avoid portrayal of indecent or futile rôles, feeling that if I played such parts I betrayed my friends.

To me a great actor is one who, like Frank Craven, is able to create the illusion of reality in any part, who is not himself but the character he portrays, in thought and word and deed, during the magic two hours or more he is upon the stage.

The one-character type of actor does not, of course, fall within this definition and, therefore, although he has a certain talent it is not as great as that of the truly versatile man who is tarred with genius.

Versatility is a quality few have. It is the ability to step into the shoes of any character from eighteen to eighty, serious or comic, and to think the thoughts of that character in such a way that the portrayal impresses with its truthfulness.

White, N. Y.

ANNE NICHOLS

Started as a chorus girl, wrote plays during her spare moments, finally struck it right with *Linger Longer Letty* and *Abie's Irish Rose* and is now head of her own producing company.

THERESA HELBURN

(*Right*) A Bryn Mawr graduate, came to New York with literary aspirations, wrote several one act plays and a full length drama, *Alison Makes Hay*, produced by B. Iden Payne. She joined the Theatre Guild as a play reader, but showed such marked ability that in March 1919 she was elected executive director of the organization.

Nickolas Muray

MRS. TRIMBLE BRADLEY

Only woman stage-lighting expert in America. In 1919 she became general stage director for George Broadhurst. Her most interesting productions include: *The Crimson Alibi*, *The Storm*, *The Elton Case*, and *Wild Oats Lane*.

RACHEL CROTHERS

This noted playwright casts, stages and directs her own plays, as well as selects scenery and costumes. Among the list of successful offerings from her pen are: *The Three of Us*, *Ourselves*, 39 *East*, *Nice People*, *Old Lady* 31, and *Mary the Third*. She has introduced to Broadway such well-known players as Constance Binney, Grant Mitchell, John Westley, and Louise Huff.

JESSIE BONSTELLE

(*Above*) Actress and successful manager of stock companies in Buffalo, Detroit, Rochester, Providence and, at present, Harlem, New York, gave the first American production of *The Enchanted Cottage*, *Seventh Heaven*, and other Broadway hits. Her casts have included such stars as Alice Brady, Helen Menken, Kenneth McKenna, Winifred Lenihan, Noel Tearle and others.

White, N. Y.

WOMEN EXECUTIVES OF THE THEATRE

The Feminine Invasion of the Business World Comes to the Stage

REVERIE

A Mid-Summer Scene in Nature's Theatre
Life Study by Edwin Bower Hesser

Stage Immorality and the Actor

A Frank Discussion of Present Day Theatrical Problems from the Players' Standpoint

By FRANK GILLMORE

THE author of the following article is one of the leading executives of the Actors' Equity Association, a powerful organization numbering some 14,000 of America's foremost players. The views expressed give a fair indication of the questions confronting the Managers and Actors in their relationship of Employer and Employee.—Editor.

EVERYBODY seems to be searching for someone who can shoulder the responsibility for the morals of the stage. For example, the THEATRE MAGAZINE for May in an editorial entitled, "The Flood of Stage Filth Must Be Checked," declares that "The Actors' Equity should see to it that none of its members take part in any play that contains a scene calculated to bring contempt and obloquy on the players' profession."

That's a large order and the responsibilities thereof give us pause. Shall the Actors' Equity Association challenge the wrath of the dramatists, the managers and our own people by setting itself up as a censor and taking the arbitrary stand that it alone shall say what shall or shall not be produced on the New York stage? Such a course would justify the criticism of the managers that Equity was looking for complete control over the American theatre, which I assure you it is not.

A WORKABLE PLAN

MUCH as I deprecate unwholesome plays, and much as I believe in the sanity of Equity, yet I don't think it would be a good thing for us alone to be the judge in such matters. Our sincerity in desiring to clean up from within cannot be doubted, since we were one of the most active organizations in the Committee Opposed to Political Censorship, whose sole object was to check salacious plays. That this Committee had made a good beginning was proved, when after months of effort it secured unanimity among its different parts, including the Producing Managers' Association, The Authors' League, the Better Public Shows Movement, the American Dramatists, the Drama League, and Equity, to an agreement, which had the endorsement of Mayor Hylan, and of the then Commissioner of Licenses, John F. Gilchrist. Our plan was simple, but it proved to be quite workable. A large panel of citizens was secured, and upon complaint being received by the municipal authorities, their names were to be placed in a box and the first twelve withdrawn were obligated to witness the play in a body and decide whether or not it was *contra bonos mores*. If the verdict was adverse the author guaranteed to take off his play instantly, the manager to close his theatre, and the actors to throw down their parts, no party having suit against the other.

This plan, which took a long time to work out, promised well, but was never given a fair trial. In the case of *The God of Vengeance*, we were awaiting a complaint to the proper authorities; but either the police or some private citizen stepped in, and acted on his own behalf. I don't think this would have happened had it not been for the transfer of Mr. Gilchrist from the position of Commissioner of Licenses to that of the State Tax Department. We immediately approached Mr. Gilchrist's successor, August Gratzmayer, who, after being made acquainted with our plan, proved sympathetic; and there is no reason to believe that the next play which is considered by this citizens' jury to be salacious will not be stopped peremptorily.

It is unfortunate that such a situation, requiring action of so stringent a nature, should arise in the American theatre. We must, if necessary, make some Spartan and substantial sacrifices to eradicate it

In this we actors feel that perhaps we are bearing the greatest burden of all since we rehearse four weeks without pay and yet obligate ourselves to abandon a play instantly without further compensation in case of an adverse verdict.

Surely this is as far as the Actors' Equity Association could be expected to go, without over-reaching its legitimate functions. Incidently, perhaps you will allow me to state that in my opinion the actors are the least culpable parties to the production of offensive plays. The conditions of our work are as follows: We come to rehearsal; we may recognize certain objectionable lines or scenes but before the first night they may be altered or eliminated altogether. Nothing is necessarily set for good and all. I have often heard an actor say: "This line is rather raw—they will surely cut it out!" The individual actor is not supposed to have authority to change anything. That is left to the director, to the author and to the manager. Too many cooks would spoil the broth. The actor may momentarily expect these changes; but after the tenth day of rehearsal he could not quit even if he wished to without being penalized under the A. E. A. contract to the extent of two weeks' salary, which, I can assure you, some actors during rehearsals do not possess. In other words, the actor is an agent, and not altogether a free one. Therefore the onus for offensive lines or plot must rest on those who are primarily responsible for the play's production.

SUNDAY PERFORMANCES

THE Actors' Equity Association will lend its great weight to every proposition for the betterment of the theatre as a whole, and this necessarily includes the removal from our boards of plays which have nothing to recommend them but salacity. It also includes the present mooted question of Sunday performances.

Our stand against such performances for other than *bona fida* benefits is based on the same economic necessity which has caused legislatures all over this country to prohibit employment of workers for more than six days a week. Employees must have one day of rest each week if they are to maintain bodily and mental health. Skilled and unskilled laborers are protected against merciless employers. Even horses are given their day off. A man cannot be reduced to a mechanism.

Naturally actors want a day of relaxation just the same as other people. They have little enough domestic life as it is, and, strange as it may seem to the misinformed, that, and not midnight parties, is what they most desire. But the issue is larger than this. It is a matter affecting their work. One cannot act seven days a week, especially in the more important parts, and give the best performance possible.

People who suppose such a thing must think either that actors are mechanical Robots, constructed to work for incredible

(*Continued on page* 56)

GUILTY!

In the June issue of "Theatre Magazine," published May 15, some time before the final judicial decision in *The God of Vengeance* case was known, it was stated editorially that:

"It is time playwrights, players and theatre managers who have the interest of their profession at heart, call a halt and consider seriously, before it is too late, how far the present license in stage dialogue and situation shall be allowed to go."

On May 23rd last, in the court of General Sessions, New York City, a jury of twelve citizens brought in a verdict finding the producer and the actors of *The God of Vengeance* guilty of having produced and taken part in an immoral play. The producer and leading actor were fined and the others discharged under a suspended sentence.

12755

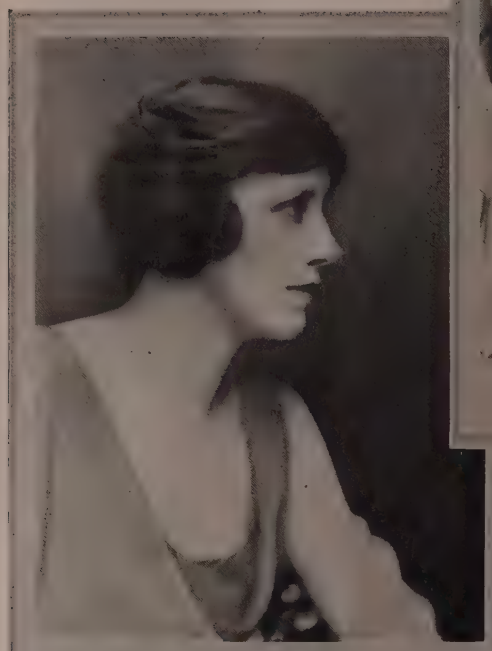
BOOTS WOOSTER

This captivating, semi-eccentric little comedienne has a certain charming way with her that is quite irresistible. As the wayward little flirt Nettie Jordan in *Icebound*, she repeated the Broadway success already scored in *Daddy Long Legs* and *The Littlest Rebel*.

Raymor Studios

FRIEDA INESCORT

Whose sophisticated performance as Veronica is one of the most delightful features of *You and I*. Miss Inescort comes to the stage from the business world where she acted as secretary to Lady Astor and as an expert with the British Consulate, New York.



Edward Thayer Monroe

Maurice Goldberg

ANN DAVIS

A beauty of Chicago's younger set who has been paving her way to stardom by her delightful performances with William Hodge in *Beware of Dogs*, *The Guest of Honor*, and now as leading lady opposite Taylor Holmes in *Not So Fast*.

Nickolas Muray

GLADYS FRAZIN

Whose brunette comeliness accentuates the Vamp rôles with which she has been identified. Seen last as the temperamental Mimi in *The Masked Woman*, she will appear shortly with Lowell Sherman in *Casanova*.

ON THE ROAD TO STARDOM

Material Factors in Some of the Season's Successes

"What I Think of Your Theatre"

Impressions of the New York Stage in an Exclusive Interview with the Famous English Novelist

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

By B. F. WILSON

"WHAT do I think of your dramatists and your theatre?"

The small, well-groomed, middle-aged man opposite—quite different from my mental picture of the celebrated author of *The Moon and Sixpence, Rain, The Circle, East of Suez,* etc.—smiled pleasantly.

"I very seldom go to the theatre," he replied. "I am not very well acquainted with your theatre or with your playwrights. But from what I have seen and read, I think that in something like ten years, you will have a National Drama. The younger men are doing excellent work. We, over in England, and I might say Europe, have gotten into a rut from which it will take us some time to emerge. The theatre has gone stale over there. Over here you have a freshness of viewpoint—a large amount of exceedingly clever and prolific young blood with new ideas and progressive thoughts who will put the American stage in the foreground. It is quite logical and to be expected."

A PROPHET OF DISILLUSIONMENT

I STUDIED Mr. Maugham's face as he talked—a face full of disillusionment. Only the brown eyes reveal the slightest tolerance for humanity, and the lines on the weather-tanned skin tell of experiences with life which have given his pen the biting power it possesses. He must have packed a terrific amount of keen observation into his years, for he cannot be over forty now.

"You have here a hundred different races to draw upon," he continued. "You get the best from a hundred different sources. The highest intelligence of each race is at your command, whereas in England we have only the Anglo-Saxon viewpoint. It must eventually grow wearisome—the same thing over and again,—whereas you are continually getting the new angle from new writers. We haven't produced more than three or four new writers in England in the last twenty years. All of your men of promise are young. Their work is vital and interesting. I think your Eugene O'Neill as good a playwright as anyone we have. He knows life. I think Avery Hopwood an exceedingly clever farce writer. We have no one to touch him in London, save perhaps, Bernard Shaw.

"It seems to be a common failing of our writers to possess a certain literary snobbishness which prohibits them from doing the work they are best fitted for. To my mind, Shaw is the greatest farce writer in the world—that is, if he would write farce and not feel that he has to make people think they think by what he has to say. His sense of comedy is remarkable—his satire unequalled, but when he begins to introduce political opinions, moral reflections, and to show off his scientific knowledge, his humor becomes less luminous, and the result is a sort of political essay interspersed with his usual piquant comedy."

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Author of the sensational success *Rain*, who says: "I think, in something like ten years, you will have a National Drama.

"Shaw is a great wit," he went on, "but he talks too much and too long. He cannot tolerate being interrupted while conversing. He is brilliant, and everything he says has a real value. His wit flashes through his words like a shining sword, but he cannot see why any other person in the same room with him should be allowed to utter a word as long as he is willing to talk. Even his closest friends have learned by experience that no matter what they think—or what their opinions might be on the subject under discussion, there is not the slightest necessity for their possessing thoughts or opinions, and—even should they have the temerity to interrupt the flow of words—the utter indifference and lack of attention paid by the speaker to the interruption makes one feel that he might as well try to stop Niagara Falls. The only person I know who can beat him at his own game is Mrs. Patrick Campbell. She talks in the same brilliant, peculiarly individual manner. When the two get together—it's a circus! You have never heard such flashes of wit—such fire—and such utter boredom!

"But to get back to the theatre," he smiled, "I think New York has the finest audiences in the world. You have a hundred different audiences for a hundred different plays, that is why *Abie's Irish Rose* and the *Moscow Art Players* can be successes in the same city. It is unique for this reason. There is no other city like it. It is amazing to me—the opportunity that exists for dramatic success here in New York. You have intelligent audiences who support your Theatre Guild in their most 'high-brow' endeavors. This could never happen in London. I don't believe we have enough so-called cultured people to carry a play for more than a couple of weeks. At the same time, you abound in musical comedies, farces, melo-dramas and intense tragedies. All are hits in the same season. I think it tremendously significant of your progress as a country, and let me add, I would say the same thing can be applied to your literature."

NOT FOND OF PLAYWRITING

I WENT to see a play called *You and I,* written by Mr. Philip Barry, the other night. I was delighted with it. It is as entertaining, as amusing, as intelligent and well-written a comedy-drama, as anything we have had in London in years. The dialogue is well-written and exceedingly clever. If you have many young playwrights like Mr. Barry, there's no telling where you will go."

I inquired the reason for Mr. Maugham's somewhat niggardly production of plays, for, while he is able to contribute to the stage such a masterpiece as *Rain,* his dramatic output is comparatively insignificant.

"I have never liked to write plays," he admitted. "It isn't very easy for me to write, anyway, and when I have finished a piece of work, I have finished with it. I forget it as soon as possible. As far as I am concerned I never want to think about it again. Well, as you know, this attitude cannot be taken towards play-writing. Even after the toil and struggle of putting everything you have to say into two hours—creating a plot which will carry at a high pitch all the way through—making your characters appear real—there is the awful work which comes after the play has been accepted. I haven't the desire, the time, nor the physical ability to watch rehearsals, to quarrel with performers, and to cut and rewrite."

(*Continued on page* 60)

Strand

Sakamoto (*Henry Herbert*), the Japanese husband, finds his beloved American wife's desertion and the sudden death of their infant son too great a blow, even for his stoical, oriental nature.

Uptown, West

A Drama in Three Acts by Lincoln Osborn

AFTER many years as an actor and stage manager, Mr. Osborn has scored a pronounced success with his first play. Praised for its sincere portrayal of a tragic racial question, the inexorable movement of its scenes compared to the classic Greek drama, this maiden effort has brought a new playwright to the serious attention of the American public. The following excerpts are given here by courtesy of Earl Carroll. Copyright; Lincoln Osborn.

THE CAST

(As produced by the Matinee Players at the Bijou Theatre)

Mildred	Florence Mason
Mrs. Goldfarb	Angela Jacobs
Sarah	Frances Victory
Allan Reed	Carlton Birckert
Sakamoto	Henry Herbert
Florence	Grace Heyer
The Doctor	William Podmore
McCarthy	Edmund Norris

THE tragedy of inter-racial marriages! A Japanese, married to an American girl, sees his wife's love slipping from him in spite of his efforts to be a good American husband and a Christian. The wife is ostracized by her own kind; even her baby, a typical Japanese, is a constant reminder of her tragedy. The coming into her life of an old sweetheart from back home, further complicates matters. The baby is killed and in the face of this great crisis when "the bridge" between himself and his wife is gone, the Japanese husband reverts to type and settles the tragedy in his own Oriental way.

Act I. The living-room of a four room "box" apartment in New York, upper west side. It is an evening in February. Mildred, the American wife of Sakamoto, has been waiting to go to the theatre with her husband who telephones that he is detained at the office and will not be able to take her. She is a rather pretty woman in her early twenties, with an air of wistfulness and repression about her. Her neighbor, Mrs. Goldfarb, from the flat below, comes up to ask her to join a bridge club, but Mildred refuses, knowing that the other women do not care to associate with her on account of her marriage to a Japanese. When she is alone again, the doorbell rings and Allan Reed, an old sweetheart whom Mildred has not seen for years, enters. Reed is a tall, good-looking, athletic young fellow of a type produced by small towns "all over the States." It is plain to be seen that he has been successful.

LINCOLN OSBORN
Author of *Uptown, West*

MILDRED: What in the world brought you to New York, Allan?

ALLAN: I'm on my way home from Panama. Been down in the Zone two years, you know. Gee, I'm glad to see someone from the old town!

MILDRED: Even me?

ALLAN: Especially you. You haven't changed a bit.

MILDRED: How did you ever find us?

ALLAN: Oh, mother told me what your married name was, so, when I got in today, I just looked you up. You're the only ones of your name in the directory.

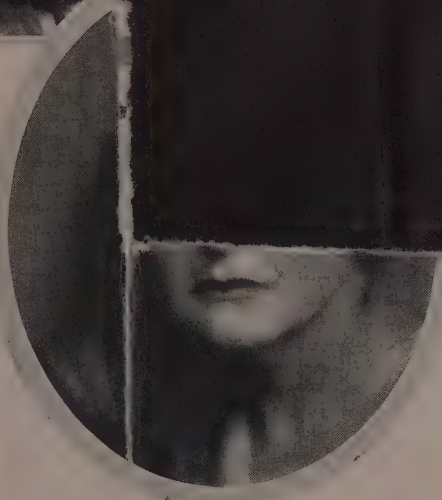
MILDRED: (*Briefly*) Yes, I believe so.

ALLAN: I thought if I could find anybody to pal around with, I might stay over a day or two. How about your husband?

MILDRED: I'm afraid he's too busy. And, of course, I have the baby—

ALLAN: Baby! Say, you haven't a kid? Trot him out and let's see him!

As *Alice* in *The Dance of Death*—1920.



Murray

As herself, director of the Theatre Guild.

Schwartz

As *Lady Marden* in *Mr. Pim Passes By*—1921.

Bruguiere

As *Mrs. Zero* in *The Adding Machine* — 1923.

Schwartz

As *Mrs. Muskat* in *Liliom* —1921.

As *Mrs. Clegg* in *Jane Clegg*—1920.

BIOGRAPHICAL PAGE—No. 11. HELEN WESTLEY

Henrietta Remsen Meserole Manning, or Helen Westley, was born in Boston and graduated there from Emerson College. Her first stage experience was on the road, first with *Under the Red Robe* and then with *Because She Loved Him So.* She became a founder and leading actress of the Washington Square Players from 1912 to 1917. In 1918 she played in *Redemption* with John Barrymore and then, in April, 1919 joined other courageous souls in founding the Theatre Guild, whose leading character actress she has since been. She is undoubtedly unique in having played consecutively from 1912 to 1923 in New York alone, and perhaps also for having accepted from the hands of the Theatre Guild every kind of part, whether or not to her taste, in spite of the fact that she is a director. The list of character parts in Guild productions speaks for itself: *Sarah Ferguson* in *John Ferguson, Mrs. Corey* in *The Rise of Silas Lapham, Mrs. Clegg* in *Jane Clegg, Jachne-Braine* in *The Treasure, Lady Marden* in *Pim Passes By, Mrs. Muskat* in *Liliom, Zinida* in *He Who Gets Slapped, Nana* in *R. U. R., Mrs. Zero* in *The Adding Machine,* and *Mrs. Dudgeon* in *The Devil's Disciple.*

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urges Mildred to use the theatre tickets and promises to stay with the baby.

ALLAN: Can't I have a peek at him, if he's awake?
MRS. GOLDFARB: I'll bring him. He's the sweetest little feller you ever seen. (*Then coming back with the baby in her arms*) Here he is, the darling!

Allan looks at the baby. For a brief instant he registers the confirmation of his suspicions, but immediately controls himself.

ALLAN: He's a dandy! What's his name, Mildred?
MILDRED: Allan! That's what *I* call him.
ALLAN: You didn't name him after me?
MILDRED: Well, perhaps I had you in mind.
ALLAN: He's just a corker, Mildred! Wait till I tell mother—(*Mildred wheels and faces him with a look of agonized appeal*)—what a wonderful baby you have! (*With delicate emphasis*)—*and that's all!*

Allan and Mildred go off to the theatre, leaving Mrs. Goldfarb to take care of the baby. She makes herself comfortable in an easy-chair and is absorbed in her reading when Haruji Sakamoto enters noiselessly from the vestibule. He is about thirty—an excellent type of his race. He has been in the United States a number of years, but was raised and educated in Japan, so he speaks with a marked accent.

MRS. GOLDFARB: Gracious, you come in so quiet!
SAKAMOTO: I reflect the child might be asleep. I deeply deplore to discomfort you, Mrs. Goldfarb.
MRS. GOLDFARB: Don't mention it, please. Mrs. Sakamoto went to the theatre.
SAKAMOTO: (*Without changing expression*) Yes-s-s?
MRS. GOLDFARB: A young feller from the same town she is—a Mr. Reed come, so they went together. I suppose you've heard about him?
SAKAMOTO: No.
MRS. GOLDFARB: That's funny. Morris and me know about each other's old friends just like

Florence (*Grace Heyer*), the dope-fiend sister-in-law of Sakamoto promises to reform.

FLORENCE: You're a hell of a Christian to want to keep me out on a night like this.
SAKAMOTO: You wrong me, Miss Florence. I am good Christian—and some day I will be good American, too.
FLORENCE: Mildred's starting to kick over the traces, eh? God, I'm cold! I didn't want to disgrace Mildred by coming here in the daytime, so I bummed the streets till dark.
SAKAMOTO: I hope you are improve in health?
FLORENCE: Sure, I'm cured—off the stuff for good, Haruji. I'll be my old self in two or three weeks. But you'll have to keep me going till I get right. (*Trying to conceal her eagerness*) If you'll just slip me twenty now—
SAKAMOTO: I have give you money before. (*After a pause*) Then they did not cure you?
FLORENCE: (*Laughs harshly*) In thirty days? You've got another think coming! I'd have given my life for a deck today. But the bunch wouldn't stake me because I'm spotted.
SAKAMOTO: What will you do?
FLORENCE: (*Bitterly*) What's the difference what I do? I'm thinking about what's going to happen to Mildred. She may not go the way I have, but she's one of the kind that keeps things in, and when the blow-up comes, there'll be hell to pay. And it wasn't her fault. She was as green as grass and I made her think I was happy with Yamagata. I made a great to-do over my jewels and fine clothes—but I didn't let her see my heart. Then the damned little fool sneaked off and married you. I'm the one to blame.
SAKAMOTO: I am devotedly love your sister.
FLORENCE: (*Wearily*) Oh, what's the use of talking to you? You could never understand. (*Looks at baby's picture*) Poor little kid! Funny how they always take after the Jap.

Sakamoto takes the snapshot from his sleeve and shows it to her.

SAKAMOTO: You know this?
FLORENCE: Sure I know it—I took it. It's Mildred and her old sweetheart out home. They were engaged, but his father broke it up. They had an awful case, and she never seemed the same afterwards. I always had an idea that was one of her reasons for marrying you, —she was just too disheartened to care.
SAKAMOTO: (*Softly, with a smile*) What was his name, Miss Florence?
FLORENCE: (*Absently*) Allan Reed. She named the baby after him. (*Sakamoto's frame stiffens and his fingers clutch convulsively*) What's the matter?
SAKAMOTO: (*Controlling himself*) Nothing, Miss Florence. (*Smiles*)
FLORENCE: You can't fool me, Sakamoto—when a Jap smiles there's hell in his heart. But you needn't worry about Allan Reed. They haven't seen each other for years—and if she ever does see him again, he won't look at her when he finds out she's married to you. But I guess you don't want me around, so I'll see Mildred tomorrow.

SAKAMOTO gives Florence a note to a woman who keeps a boarding house and goes into the bedroom to get one of Mildred's coats for her. When he returns Florence has disappeared and taken his gold watch. Sakamoto rushes to the phone to call the police, but hesitates when he hears the baby cry. He comes back with the baby in his arms.

SAKAMOTO: Your papa wake you up, Little Bear? We will have to make you a hero for that.

Putting the baby securely in the easy-chair, he takes down two swords from the wall, placing them to right and left of the child.

SAKAMOTO: This is the sword of glory! And this wipes away all dishonor. Now you are a Samurai, my little soldier! (*Suddenly he snatches the child to him.*) You are mine,—and *HERS,* Kuma San!

Act II. Same setting as Act I. Several weeks later. A Saturday afternoon in early April.
The breach between Mildred and Sakamoto has widened. Allan Reed, who has found work in New York, has helped Mildred put Florence in a sanatorium. Sakamoto, who believes that Mildred is in love with Reed, has her watched constantly, and tries pathetically to win her love.
SAKAMOTO: My business is established now, and in a few years I will be rich,—so you must keep your hands pretty for beautiful jewels. By that time I will have learn to speak good English,—and we will have fine house and plenty of nice friends. You will be glad of that, dear lady?

White, N. Y.

HARRY BLAKEMORE

Who played Anthony, the southern darkey butler in *For Value Received*, is one of the best negro impersonators on our stage. He has had a long training in stock, but is known to Broadway mostly for his negro rôles.

J. M. KERRIGAN

Whose Sir Lucius O'Trigger in *The Rivals* received high praise from the critics, is an actor of long experience in classic rôles. He had his early training in the Abbey Theatre, Dublin and came to this country with Lady Gregory's players. Since then he has appeared with Laurette Taylor, Allan Pollock and others. Although a young man, Mr. Kerrigan gives a whimsical and extremely veracious touch to his portrayal of elderly characters, such as the old man in *The Workhouse Ward*, and the fifty year old messenger in *The Ever-Green Lady*.

Moffett

LENNOX PAWLE

Who made a humorous and human character of the bibulous, bohemian Horatio in *The Mountebank*, is an English actor trained under such men as Tree and Forbes Robertson. Next season he will join the Belasco forces in support of Mrs. Fiske.

Goldberg

ANNE ELSTNER

This interesting young actress, new to Broadway, made a tragic and appealing character of Emmy, the little war bride in *Sunup*. She is a Southern girl and was first brought to managerial attention two seasons ago at Chicago when she stepped into the rôle of Julie in *Liliom* and, by her remarkable performance, saved the piece from closing.

GABRIELLE RAVINE

Schooled in the best traditions of the French theatre, this talented actress was warmly commended for her piquant characterization of Elodie in *The Mountebank*. She acted with the Guitrys in Paris, was chosen by Rostand for the nightingale in the original production of *Chantecler* and appeared more recently in *Declasée*.

FOR MERIT!

Players Whose Excellent Work Deserves Special Commendation

MILDRED: (*Without enthusiasm*) Of course.
SAKAMOTO: This broad America — the widg Pacific Ocean is between your childhood and mine, but I think you will understand this. I was fishing one day with my papa's hat and pretty soon I pulled up this big, nice fish,—and I was so exult I seized it and held it up for my companions to admire. But the fish was strong and he began to twist and turn, until, in spite of all I could do, he slipped from my hands into the water.
MILDRED: You poor child! — I suppose you were heartbroken.
SAKAMOTO: If I had not been restrain with violence, I would have drown myself. In my country, death is more honorable than defeat. But as I reflect now, the sorrow because I lose the fish was not so much anguish to me as when I felt it slipping through my fingers. It is not the things that are lost, but the things that are slipping from us,—(*picking up the baby's picture he holds it in front of Mildred*) Kuma San! Is he not wonderful, Mildred? Some day we will send him to university or to military college and he will become a great man,—but whatever his future, his hands will be on our hearts—and he will always be the bridge between us.

MILDRED fights her emotion for a moment, then bows her head as if before an immutable fact.

Later, Allan Reed comes in his car to take Mildred to her sister. She cannot go because Sakamoto is playing tennis and might return any moment and find her absent. But after Allan has gone downstairs, Mildred picks up her coat and hat and rushes after him to walk as far as the corner with him. While she is gone, Sakamoto and Dr. Yamagato come back from playing tennis. Sakamoto confides his unhappiness to his friend.

SAKAMOTO: All the time I feel like a man who is to be execute.
YAMAGATA: It was certain to come, my poor friend.
SAKAMOTO: Why—? I am good to her, and there are plenty of white ladies happy with Japanese!
YAMAGATA: That is so. But if you will take the trouble to inquire, you will find they are mostly women of very common association. It is useless to blind ourselves to the truth, little brother—we both made a mistake. Although these sisters were poor, they belonged to the so-called respectable middle-class in this country,—a stupid, provincial element to be sure, but with the power to inflict punishment on any who defy its conventions. But, even I, who had been here twenty-five years, did not realize that power till after I had married Florence.
SAKAMOTO: I don't understand! I am good man,—in all my life I have never transgress the law,—I have good education in Japanese—and my family is descend from long line of heroes.
YAMAGATA: But you are *different* from the people here.
SAKAMOTO: I will not be different long. I have adopt their country and I have resolve to be just like them. I will learn to do as they do; to think their thoughts,—to speak their language as well as they.
YAMAGATA: But you cannot change the *outside*, —and these people never look beneath!
SAKAMOTO: (*Stunned*) Then Kuma San—!
YAMAGATA: It will be the same with him. I found out, and I was a graduate of one of their universities. Don't make my mistake and stay here too long, dear friend. Get what you need from these Americans, then go back to Japan before it is too late.
SAKAMOTO: I feel you advise me right, Doctor, but it is hard for me to change my thoughts so quick. For long time now I am resolve to become good American,—to be good Christian—
YAMAGATA: If you live here all your life, you will die a better Japanese than when you came here. As for being a Christian—some day when you find yourself face to face with a great crisis, you will learn as I did, that you can't blot out thousands of years with just a few.

They are interrupted by shrieks and clamoring

Mildred (*Florence Mason*), is prostrated by the death of her baby son, Kuma San.

of women's voices. Mrs. Goldfarb rushes into the room.
MRS. GOLDFARB: Oh, my God, Mr. Sakamoto—the baby! Sarah just brought him home all banged up!

WITH a cry, Sakamoto rushes into the hall and returns with the baby in his arms. He holds out the child to Yamagata who examines it. Its face is smeared with blood. Sarah, sobbing pitifully, is shoved into the room by her father, the janitor. Sakamoto stops McCarthy from beating Sarah.

SAKAMOTO: How did it happen, Sarah?
SARAH: (*Sobbing*) Me and Tommy was playin'—you know that street that runs through Isham Park: I left the go-cart on the sidewalk.
MCCARTHY: With the brake off, of course!
SARAH: (*Brokenly*) The wind must a-blew it, 'cause it went down hill and turn over on the cement steps. The baby didn't make no noise, so we put him back in the cart and come home.

When the others have gone, Sakamoto turns to his friend.

SAKAMOTO: Thank you for not speak before the others, Doctor,—I knew when I look at him.
YAMAGATA: There was no suffering—it was instantaneous. (*Sakamoto, relieved, smiles.*)
YAMAGATA: You are still a Japanese, my friend!
SAKAMOTO: I am still of a family of soldiers! But my heart is weeping!

BUT when Sakamoto is alone, he abandons himself to his grief until a noise in the vestibule warns him that Mildred has returned. She has heard that the baby is hurt. Sakamoto reassures her, then questions her.

SAKAMOTO: (*Seizes her wrist*) You love Mr. Reed?
MILDRED: (*Quietly*) Yes—I do love him.
SAKAMOTO: And he love you too?
MILDRED: I think so.
SAKAMOTO: (*Hisses*) You woman of the Yoshiwari!
MILDRED: Mr. Reed is a man of honor—and you ought to know I wouldn't do anything very wrong. We've agreed never to see each other again.
SAKAMOTO: (*In agony*) But you love him, and some day you will go to him!
MILDRED: No,—I've fought that all out within the last few minutes, Arthur,—and I've made up my mind to stay with you till the end,—if only for the sake of the baby. You were right —he *is* the bridge between us!
SAKAMOTO: (*As if from his very soul*) No——
MILDRED: Why—? What is it, Arthur?

Sakamoto stands motionless a moment, then turns swiftly into the dining-room and returns with the child in his arms. He holds out the body before Mildred.

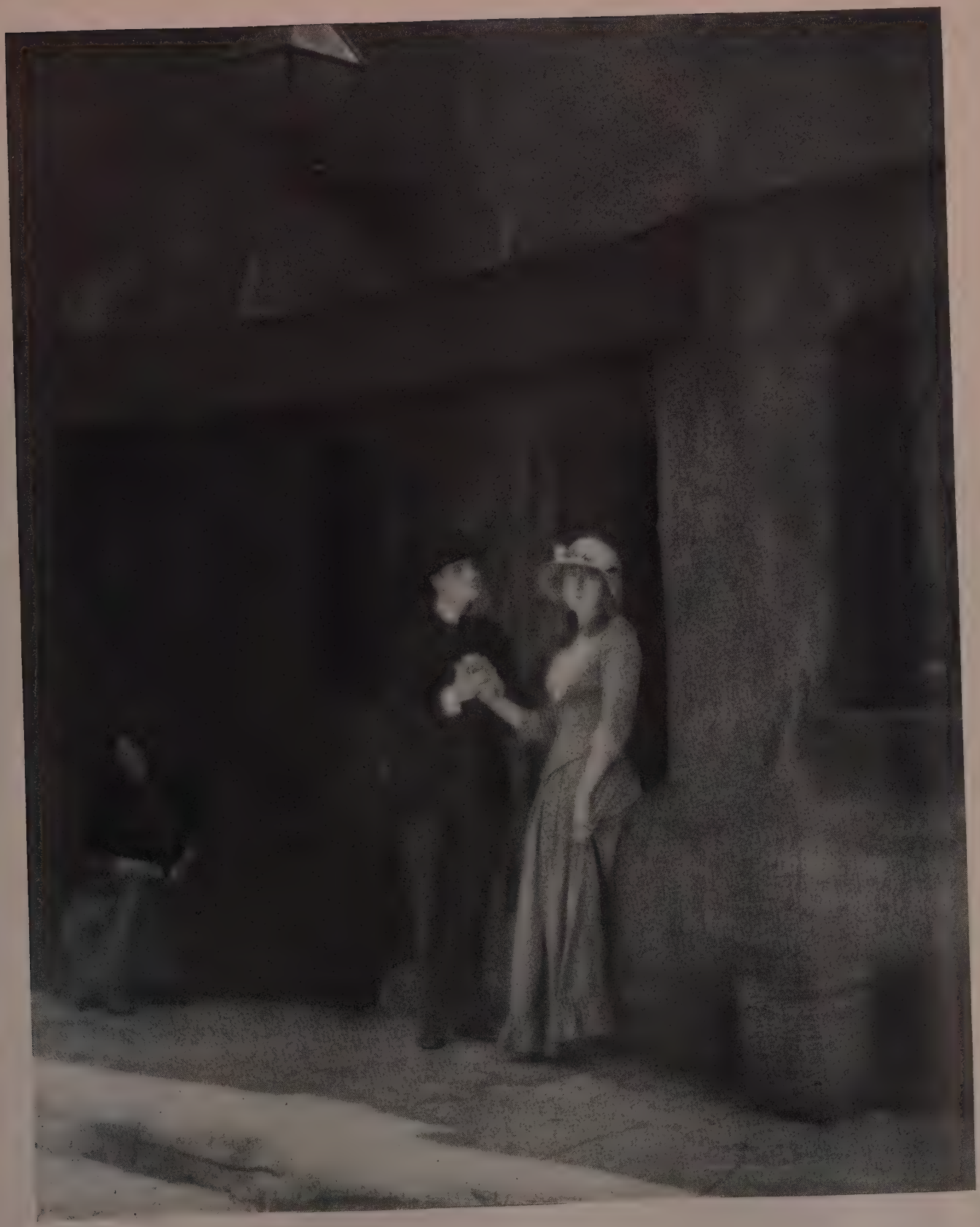
SAKAMOTO: The bridge is gone!

Mildred gazes at the body in horror, then crumples to the floor, sobbing hysterically.

Act III. The same setting as in Acts I and II. The day after the funeral. About seven-thirty in the evening. Sakamoto, showing the effects of his grief, returns home from business. He plans to go away to Japan forever, but has merely told Mildred that he is obliged to leave tonight on a business trip to Boston. He has sent for Allan Reed to spend the evening with them. In spite of Mildred's protests he insists on having her wear her pearl necklace and making herself pretty. While she is dressing, he questions Reed, who is plainly puzzled and at a loss to understand the situation.

SAKAMOTO: What do you think of Japanese, Mr. Reed?
ALLAN: Why,—I don't know very much about them.
SAKAMOTO: Of course, you were greatly shock when you discover Mrs. Sakamoto was marry to me?
ALLAN: (*After a little hesitation*) Yes, I confess I was. But since I've thought it over, I've realized it was entirely prejudice—the old tribal instinct that makes us want to throw stones at strangers. From the little I've read of the Japanese I know they are a great people. Their ways are different from ours, perhaps, but, in many respects, superior. Still I can't help thinking Mrs. Sakamoto made a mistake.
SAKAMOTO: Why?
ALLAN: Well—I don't think we've progressed that far,—and the chances are we never will.

(*Continued on page* 58)



YOUNG LOVE IN OLD PARIS

A Charming bit from Richard Walton Tully's screen production of Du Maurier's Trilby, showing Andree Lafayette in the title role and Creighton Hale as Little Billie

C · I · N · E · M · A

Mr. Belasco in Pictures. Mary Pickford's New Film. Return of Lillian Gish. "Main Street" on the Screen

Conducted By QUINN MARTIN

IT would be a nice how-do-you-do if David Belasco should go to Hollywood to produce his stage plays in picture form, and turn out what the profession knows so intimately as a "flop." But nobody much expects him to do that. At least, the Warner Brothers, who bought the rights to *Tiger Rose, Daddies, Deburau* and *The Gold Diggers* are frank to admit that there is no chance for any such thing.

Off hand, the venture of Mr. Belasco into pictures seems to me to be the most interesting and perhaps the most important single move in the cinema field this year. Here is a great dramatic artist who embodies all those essentials of "background" which we have been harping for in the pictures for years. The warm, human touch of Griffith; the aesthetic appreciation of Tourneur; the strict attention to detail of Neilan; the gift of ensemble direction of Lubitsch; the taste for finery of De Mille—all these angles of picture play production are contained in the Belasco idea. And added to the very highest art which each of these film directors has given to us so far it must be remembered that the dramatist will bring to the screen a system of lighting which has not been displayed before.

This is no mere conjecture. Mr. Belasco told me that his lighting method will play a big part in his screen work. And he also believes that as quickly as he establishes his general scheme for camera lighting he will go directly into the matter of natural coloring for his picture plays. Here is another field which has only been touched upon, so far as actual results are concerned. I don't know of anyone in America in whose hands the development of motion picture color photography might be better placed. Anyone who has ever seen Mr. Belasco's color effects in one of his plays, or the harmony of color which manifests itself in his studio, or his lounging robe will find it difficult to disagree.

LILLIAN BACK FROM ROME

I AM a bit of a skeptic when it comes to believing everything my cinema friends tell me about their proposed trips to far away lands for the purpose of making scenes of their new pictures. My feeling in the matter will be more fully understood when I say that one day last summer a rather widely known director, who is also a personal friend, met me at the Lambs Club one afternoon and confided that within a fortnight he and his company would sail for Cuba to make a half dozen "shots" for a new play. This was all right and laudable enough. But when two weeks later I chanced to drive past a large open space on the outskirts of Glen Cove, Long Island, and saw there at the roadside my friend, the director, and his company "shooting" what very evidently were views of a Cuban street carnival, I was not convinced that all was *Kosher* in Denmark.

However, Henry King actually took Lillian Gish and a troupe to Italy and made most of the views of F. Marion Crawford's *The White Sister*. Now they are back, and after an hour's talk with Miss Gish, I am able to state that in my opinion the boat did not put in at any island off the American coast and unload its troupe, but proceeded to the Old Country direct. This picture ought to be a beautiful and impressive thing.

MARY PICKFORD
in her new film *The Street Singer*

THE WHITE ROSE

CONSIDERING the miserable batch of picture plays that has been trotted out for Broadway consumption recently it would not be doing Mae Marsh justice merely to say that her performance in D. W. Griffith's *The White Rose* is the best performance of the month. I feel called upon to go much farther than that and say that it is one of the very finest pieces of screen acting I have ever seen. It might very easily be *the* best. Certainly I never have seen anything more moving and more artistic (yes, here is art) than her Teazie.

An unsophisticated and homely little orphan girl is released from the "home" with only a card of recommendation to carry her through. She finds a job in a rather loosely conducted road-house, where she comes upon a flighty young cigar-stand girl who takes an interest in her. Teazie finally is promoted to the cigar-stand position, and presently we find her blossoming forth in silk stockings, jewelled anklet and short skirts, quite the life of the place. Teazie begins to show signs of being a "regular" girl. When along comes a handsome minister (*Ivor Novello*), who makes love to the innocent girl, wins her heart and leaves her to pine away.

In the later scenes, showing the wretched little figure tramping through the country, carrying the baby in a dog basket, in her search for its father, Miss Marsh is as appealing a character as I have seen in the cinema. And finally she finds the young man, who claims her, renounces his pulpit and his heiress bride-to-be. And all is well.

This young Novello is a clean-cut fellow, and he acts very well. Yet, I think there is nothing of greatness in him. He does not, by any means, act his part convincingly enough to compare favorably with the work of Miss Marsh.

I do not presume to know why *The White Rose* ran only a few weeks on Broadway. I do know that the reflection is only upon the New York picture-going public. Here was, perhaps, the finest thing Mr. Griffith ever did, from the standpoint of drama. It ought to have been seen by everybody in town.

OUR MARY GOES TO JAIL

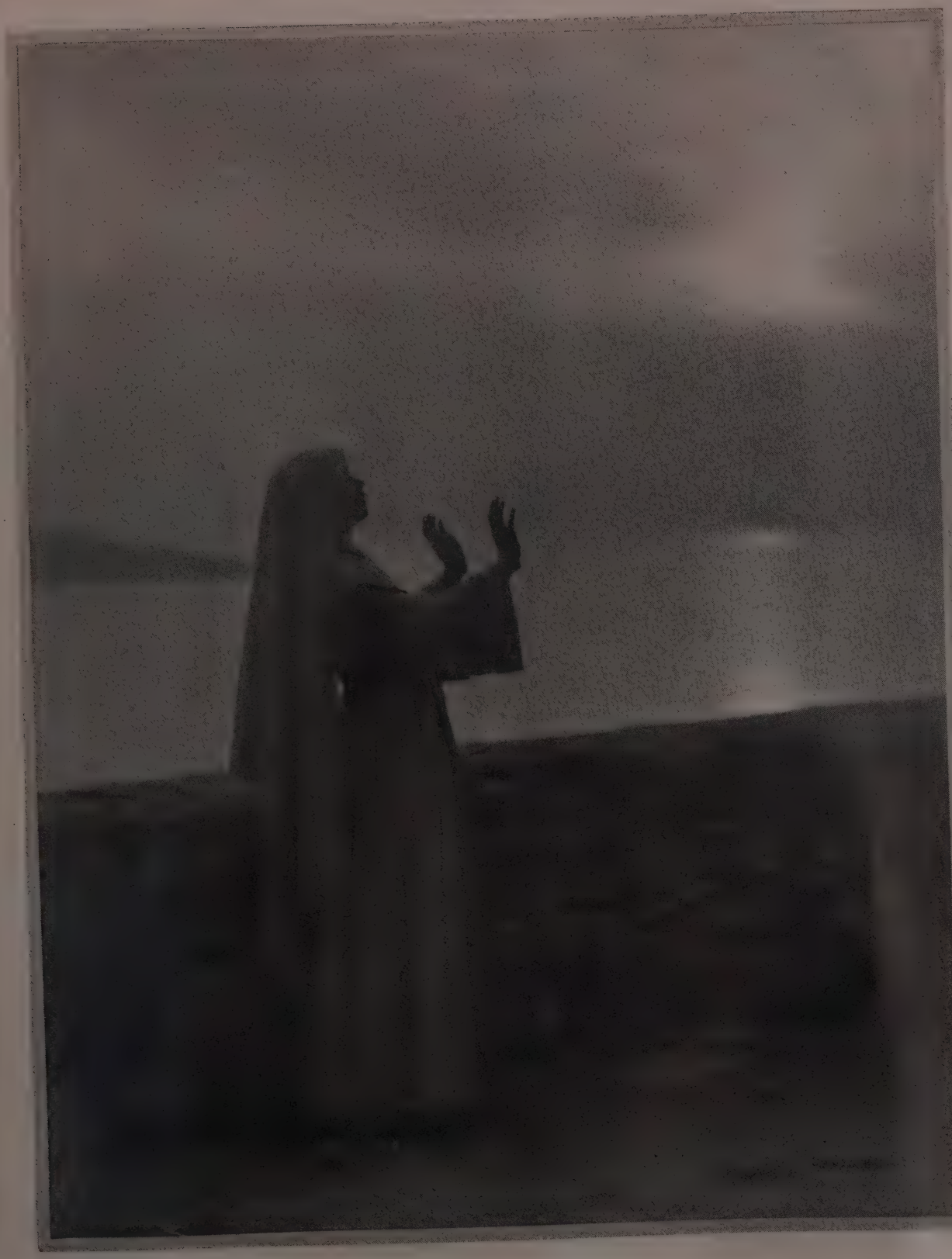
IT has come to pass that whenever one of the more important, or, at least, one of the more thoroughly press-agented picture stars begins casting about for a suitable title for his or her forthcoming photoplay, the Associated Press, United Press, Western Union and Trans-Atlantic cable companies pounce upon the situation as feverishly as if it were the assassination of another Balkan arch-duke.

Miss Pickford is in the throes of the terrifying problem of choosing a name for her new picture which she is making under the title of *The Street Singer*. The newspapers are keeping in close touch with the situation, and, as quickly as word is obtained at Pickfair, it will be flashed out to the remotest corners of the nation, as is right and proper.

In this latest picture story, which Norbert Folk has written, and which Ernest Lubitsch, the German, is directing, Miss Pickford is a Spanish street singer who attracts the evil eye of a cruel king. In the course of her struggle to free herself of the ruler's attentions, Mary finds herself cast into a dirty jail. But love flies in just behind her, and it develops that it was all for the best as we suspected.

NOT in entirety, but to a surprising degree, the spirit of Sinclair Lewis's novel has been brought to the screen by the Warner Brothers. I do not recall having seen more faithful performances in small town characterizations this season than

(*Continued on page* 56)



LILLIAN GISH IN "THE WHITE SISTER"

One of the longest journeys yet undertaken by an American cinema troupe is that just ended by Miss Lillian Gish and her company. The little film star, along with Henry King, her director, and a score of players, left six months ago for Italy where they made the views for a screen version of F. Marion Crawford's old play. The scenario is by Edmund Goulding, George V. Hobart and others.

M · U · S · I · C

De Pachmann and Rosenthal Coming Back. The Three Duncan Dancers. Debuts at the Metropolitan

Conducted by KATHARINE LANE SPAETH

NOW is the season of out-door bands, and the voice of the cornettist is heard in the land. Anybody who has missed hearing *William Tell* or the *Tannhauser* overture this summer has only his indolence to blame. They have been neck and neck on open-air programs, with *Poet and Peasant* tied for place, along with *Light Cavalry*.

But just as the wilting poet writes his *Merry Christmas* jingles on a humid July afternoon, so does the hopeful singer, violinist, or pianist see a November concert platform through the haze of August heat.

When the vacuum cleaner clutched at the dust on a cupid's wing up in the Carnegie Hall ceiling, one day last week, an imaginative worker thought he heard a faint murmur.

"What's the crop for next fall?" The chubby young Eros in the next bit (about the chandelier) had heard rumors. "You remember de Pachmann, don't you? Yes, that short man, who looked like Liszt and talked to the audience while he played the piano."

Of course, the dusted cupid remembered. What is twelve years in the life of a sturdy listener? "So, he is coming back to play as he likes, now that we're old and gray!" he mused. But he was forgetting the younger generation. It has heard the Pachmann stories, but the magical touch could not be transmitted. "I hear that there are many young people in America who know of me only by hearsay," Pachmann told a journalist last spring. "Well, they shall have a chance to hear me for themselves!" he added, graciously.

THE PACHMANN CHARM

AND this slightly ornate gesture is doubtless one secret of the Pachmann charm. He tossed off miraculous feats of technique when he was a youngster. He knew it. Later, he learned to interpret a composer with the added fire of his own imagination. He knew that, too. Chopin was always his god, and he has never permitted any casual worshippers.

At a recital in England last year, he played a Chopin *Etude*. It was greeted with vehement applause. Pachmann held up his hand, urged silence upon his audience, and said:

"None of you knows anything about piano-playing. I really did that very badly. Now, I shall play it again and if I play well, I shall tell you." He played the composition over. When he had finished, he kissed his hand, approvingly, with a "Bravo, Pachmann!" Then he turned to the audience. "Now, applaud," he suggested. "That was truly magnificent, raphaelesque!" They smiled as they cheered, but I doubt if anybody sneered.

After all, there never was any reason why a concert pianist should not be human. It is hard for most of us to fancy the scholarly Harold Bauer talking across the keys, with a bright,—"Listen well to this Schumann!" or to imagine Gabrilowitsch peering over his high collar to say, "I played that Chopin nocturne particularly well. I trust it was not over your heads!"

But why not? Music is the speech of the universe. It need not be austere and its performance should not be too solemn a rite. A young baritone told me that he sang before a womans' club in the suburbs one beaming Spring afternoon. "They all looked so anxious and somehow worried—as if they had been asked to a musicale that would require a lot of mental labor." Before he began his program, he wondered, "Isn't music any fun for them? Won't they get any joy out of a simple, natural expression?"

Alfred C. Johnston

NANETTE GUILFORD

A young operatic débutante whose auburn curls will shine on the Metropolitan Opera stage this coming season. Only eighteen, she is the youngest prima donna of them all.

So he just put his hands into his pockets and sang a rollicking Irish ballad instead of the more sober Haendel, *"Sleep, Why Dos't Thou Leave Me?"* His audience relaxed and enjoyed themselves. That is what Vladimir de Pachmann has always done for his audiences. He permits them to relax, and then he reveals beauty; and if his listeners seem to need a dash of extra light, he flashes that upon them.

Some of the Pachmann stories insist that he does not care for cellists. Frank Tinney evidently feels that wielders of the great bows have a hard time. "How much does your first violinist get?" he asked the orchestra leader at the Palace. "One hundred and fifty a week." Tinney inquired about the salary of the double bass. "One hundred a week." He was most sympathetic. "Put your fiddle under your chin and get one hundred and fifty," he advised solemnly.

Pretty Cecilia Hansen tucked her violin under her chin and made one of those "famous-over-night" débuts last season. Before that she had seen no reason for staying at home in Finland, so she went to work with Leopold Auer when she was eleven years old. And since the European critics used such pleasant phrases as "masculine power combined with glowing, spiritual tone," it looks as if Cecilia might have a pleasant winter in New York.

Anyhow, she will be over here in friendly competition with the vibrant Erna Rubinstein, the vivid Erika Morini, and our own American Thelma Given who never plays half enough.

Whoever wrote, "The gorilla ate the peacock and died of too much beauty in his veins," may have been thinking of the three Duncan Dancers. They are coming back to us this autumn—Anna, of the serene brow, Lisa, of the provocative eyes, and Margo of the demure smile.

Trained by the impulsive, volatile Isadora Duncan, the three young girls have piquantly contrasted personalities. Anna paints a phrase of a Schubert waltz with a ripple of flexible wrist; the stormy mood of a Chopin mazurka flares in her dark eyes.

Lisa is effervescing joy. Her skimming leaps in the seasons when the ensemble did the *Marche Lorraine* sent many thin little girls up to apartment house roofs in fruitless efforts to bound like the long, lissome Lisa.

Margo is the ethereal member of the trio. She always manages to look a bit startled, as if the gay snatch of melody caught her floating draperies and whirled her about, before she meant. Her eye-lids droop over eyes that dream of dawns when the world was young and all.

A METROPOLITAN DEBUTANTE

CERTAINLY, one of the most delightful things about the Duncan Dancers is that they never try to tell any story in their dancing. Nothing is more irritating than the pantomime of delicately clad young females who are trying to act something.

Haven't you ever seen a dance recital and found yourself asking, "Is that supposed to be Grief? Is that a boy mourning over his dead gold-fish? Is that a child who has found the first bayberry?" Well, the Duncans don't do that. They dance Chopin or Gluck until the music is visual, and you can choose your own emotion.

Choosing that brings me to the beautiful Nanette Guilford, who stood with reluctant feet where musical comedy and grand opera meet; and turned right into the Metropolitan. She has auburn hair, skin like a strawberry sundae and an ingenuous air that she does not have to make up. Who wouldn't like to be eighteen, lovely

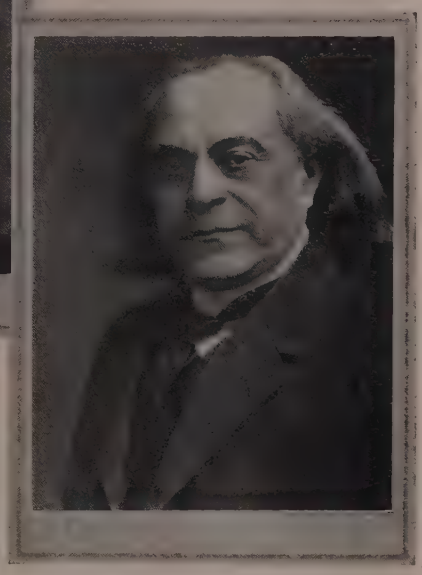
(*Continued on page* 58)

DUNCAN DANCERS

Subtle Anna, lithe Lisa, and dainty Margo, the three Duncan Dancers who have been captivating Paris for the past two seasons, will float upon Carnegie Hall stage early in November.

MORIZ ROSENTHAL

Another great master-pianist who has not visited New York in over seventeen years, and who comes back with poetic fires unquenched.



VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN

Famous for his brilliant vocal asides, the great Pachmann returns after a twelve years' absence.

CECILIA HANSEN

Fair-haired, Finnish, and an Auer pupil, this young violinist will make her American début in October.

YOUNG SPIRITS WOO THE MUSE OF MUSIC

Autumn Fires Kindled by Seasoned Pianists as Friendly Rivals of Aspiring Youth

BASIL SYDNEY

Seen here as the hero of the Florentine romance, *Sandro Botticello*, this ubiquitous actor is now the Devil's Disciple at the Garrick. He is identified with many other Broadway successes notably *Romance*, *He Who Gets Slapped* and *R. U. R.*

FRITZ LIEBER

One of the most interesting and popular of contemporary Hamlets, this classic actor has been appearing "on the Road" in Shakespearean repertoire. This coming season he will appear under the management of Arthur Hopkins in Eugene O'Neill's new play, *The Fountain*.

McKAY MORRIS

This handsome young actor, seen here as Captain Jack Absolute in *The Rivals*, knows how to wear gracefully the satins and laces of the classic period. More recently he appeared as Joseph Surface in *The School for Scandal*.

Photos Victor Georg

DENNIS KING

This fine Mercutio in Jane Cowl's production of *Romeo and Juliet*, began his stage career with John Drinkwater at the Birmingham Repertoire Theatre, playing the old English comedies. Before joining Miss Cowl he was seen in *Back to Methuselah*.

ROLLO PETERS

Although his Anglo-Saxon appearance somewhat belies the Latin temperament, this favorite actor gave picturesque and strong support to Miss Cowl's Juliet, his Romeo bringing out the sincerity and romantic quality of his acting.

BROADWAY FAVORITES IN ROMANTIC ROLES

Picturesque Figures Seen in Recent Metropolitan Productions

Heard on Broadway

Stories and News Straight from the Inside of the Theatre World

As Told by L'Homme Qui Sait

THAT eccentric-in-extraordinary, CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD, does not reserve her oddities to stage appearances. Her summer cottage at Flushing, L. I. is as drole a place to "rest up in" as any in America. Miss Greenwood's family comprises twelve bow-wows of varying sorts, alike only in the fact that they all bark at once, two cats, a man-eating parrot, a mechanical canary, and seven gold-fish. This young domestic zoo is the delightful comedienne's chief interest in life after curtain-time.

CLARK SILVERNAIL is still hot on the trail of an American theatre in Paris and resolved not to be thwarted by financial setbacks to his recent effort to transplant a Yankee company to do *Officer 666* in French on ze boulevards. Silvernail is planning now to recruit his troupers from among actors already over there, thereby saving him the dolorous responsibility of transportation both ways! *L'Agent 666* may *still* see Paree!

A TRIPLE ALLIANCE

I HEAR that a revival of the old combination that made the Princess musical comedies *intime* of the *Oh, Boy!* sort a joy several seasons back may take place for the purposes of renewing that form of dainty show. GUY BOLTON is the man who does the books, JEROME KERN the music, and ROBERT MILTON directs 'em. The spectacle of the man who has since achieved such dignified work as *He Who Gets Slapped* returning to his *quondam* task of telling the girlies how to shake a leg is not without interest!

A few prophesies for 1923-24 in the world of the stage, according to a 36th Street crystal-gazer who refuses to have his name used until he's proved correct: a prominent female star is going on the road for more than six weeks and return still loving her husband; a gifted Equity spell-binder will be forcibly suppressed upon his saying that "in union there is strength" for the three thousand and seventh time; six actors will cast a vote in New York State; Mayor Hylan will come within an inch of his life of attending a theatrical entertainment; Prohibition will be laughed out of existence; two of the six hundred and nine foreign attractions and plays announced will actually be produced; the number of people in New York outside the theatre who read dramatic criticism will drop from twelve to seven.

What a lot the newspapers miss! SERGEI RACHMANINOFF, not only one of the greatest but also one of the most popular musicians of the century, underwent a serious operation recently and not a line concerning the event—which was naturally of vast news interest to thousands of people—got into the press. The master has thrived since his ordeal and is now in excellent health. Meanwhile the most remarkable news collecting agencies in the world missed out on a great story. It takes THEATRE MAGAZINE!

OLIVE WYNDHAM UNDER THE KNIFE

OLIVE WYNDHAM very quietly decided to have an attack of appendicitis recently which necessitated an operation and a prolonged rest in the Adirondacks. She is about to return to town in better health than ever and make a final choice between two manuscripts whose authors have been waiting palpitatingly for her return.

S. JAY KAUFMAN'S tour around the world for the *Globe* was cut short by the sale and shutting down of that paper. He is Round-the-Towning again, though now for his new boss, the *Evening Telegram*.

Actors would rather "stop a show" than go to heaven. By stop a show is meant, of course, to so delight the audience that it holds up the progress of the balance of the entertainment by repeated and insistent applause. It is not often that this tribute is given to a newcomer or to a player in a minor rôle, and yet it was the reward that little QUEENIE SMITH received when *Helen of Troy, N. Y.* opened in New York City. Not since the dress rehearsal audience at *Seventh Heaven* cheered HELEN MENKEN have I heard more pandemonium in a theatre than greeted Miss Smith at the conclusion of her dancing number. It brought a lump to one's throat to know that here was being visibly presented "the reward of virtue." Never has anyone worked harder than this piquant blonde slip of a girl who has made her way up from membership in the Metropolitan ballet to an already sensational position as a musical comedy actress. When blocked by the Italian clique at the Opera House, and despite great talent was again and again made to play "second fiddle" in the *corps de ballet*, she courageously abandoned what was seemingly her life work and started afresh in another field. She has learned to sing; she dances ravishingly, she has a vast sense of comedy, she has a personality that makes watching her for a minute more delectable than watching the usual "pretty face" an hour, she is a "find." And no one is responsible but Queenie Smith and Queenie Smith's vigilant "ma."

ANOTHER PERSONAL TRIUMPH

TALKING of "stopping a show" and the Opera House, recalls to mind the moving spectacle presented at the "Met" when LUCREZIA BORI returned after the terrible operation that kept her from singing for three years and it was found that her voice was again its rare and beautiful self. People did not yell—they screamed . . . they stood on chairs and threw up hats. One Italian fell from the top balcony and nearly killed himself. And, after listening to it as long as she could, Bori, the day before a martyr and now a re-established favorite, returned to her dressing room and sobbed until dawn hung over the 39th Street stage-door.

EVA LE GALLIENNE was the personal choice of Ferenc Molnar for the leading rôle in *The Swan* which will appear shortly on Broadway. This is the first instance I know of a foreign playwright's "casting" the American presentation of his piece. It is quite understandable in this instance inasmuch as Molnar quite frankly ascribes the New York success of his play *Liliom* entirely to the fine performances given in it by the two leading players, JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT and Miss Le Gallienne.

A COMMERCIAL—HIGHBROW COMBINE

THE spectacle of A. H. WOODS and GILBERT MILLER being about to present a play together is an enormously interesting one to the world of the theatre. Woods has, of course, frankly identified himself with the baldly commercial stage and become famous for the presentation of "bedroom plays." Miller, on the other hand, is regarded as what Broadway calls a "highbrow." His productions, both in England and in America have invariably been the "last word" in high-class theatricals. It is of some significance to note that in this union it will be Woods who is forsaking his standard and, in order to provide a great vehicle for his star LOWELL SHERMAN and counteract the criticism that he is not giving a fine actor a full chance to express his art, is uniting with Miller in the production of *Casanova*, a play from the Spanish, that is to be done, according to rumor, in a lavish and exalted way. Any play dealing with the famous Italian adventurer is bound to be of unusual interest. I understand that this particular version will make the town sit up.

Thousands will be glad to learn that little EMMA HAIG is back on her talented feet again, tripping the fantastic as of old and carrying no single memento of the harrowing accident that kept her in a plaster cast almost the length of her entire body for seven months. That Miss Haig is currently one of the joyous features of the new Cohan show, *The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly* is a monumental testimonial to the genius of American surgery. It was a harrowing night back-stage at the Music Box when its *première danseuse* whirled one whirl too many and hurtled across the footlights into the orchestra pit, breaking her back across the chair of a piccolo player. A few seconds sufficed to carry the inert, white figure to the wings while the big show went on as though nothing had happened. Back-stage chaos, tragedy—out front, a momentary thrill and forgetfulness in the continued comedy of FLORENCE MOORE whose heart was like lead but who, like the good trouper she is, knew that the show-world's most unbreakable law is "carry on." The world outside must never see anything of Pierrot but his smile!

MORE HUMBLE BEGINNINGS

WALTER KINGSLEY is responsible for a good many things that don't bear much relation to his job as press expert for the Keith office. Among others is his discovery of a little girl named Peggy doing some obscure task in the Hotel Belleclaire. He thought she showed "possibilities" and gave her a job at tuppence-halfpenny a week in a "fashion show." Today the millionaires who publicly break their hearts over that same Peggy can blame Kingsley for giving her the start that sent her their way! Peggy's last name is JOYCE!

DOLLY DONNELLY told me the other day that her invariable advice to the young girl who seeks counsel concerning "going on the stage" is similar to Mr. Punch's noted suggestion relative to matrimony—"Don't!" This, on the principle that if the candidate for footlight honors *should* go on the stage she *will* whatever advice is given her. And "don't" may scare off some of those countless unhappy youngsters who plow through a few years of discouragement and consistent failure before realizing that it might be just as well to surrender the dramatic ghost!

At a "movie luncheon" the other day it was estimated that never before in the career of the picture business have so many productions been currently under way as at present. The minimum cost of pictures scheduled for the coming twelve months will assume the healthy proportion of 67 million dollars. This does not include the expense of administration, exploitation and distribution which is practically non-computable.

Well, well, well! The FAIRBANKS TWINS, unlike the Siamese, are apparently severable. For the first time in their youthful careers they have taken opposite roads, each having developed ambitions to be a sure-enough actress and having joined a stock company for dramatic training. Inasmuch as it's a rare stock company that can find use for more than one twin they have perforce had to journey apart.

SOME SCANDAL OUT OF SCHOOL

THE external symptoms of amity among the famous players that constituted the cast of the Players' Club's one-week offering of *The School for Scandal* were all that could be wished for, but back-stage stories evidence in full the old truth that actors have a hard time getting along with each other in the absence of a neutral armistice-declarer! Two gentlemen of the cast actually reached the point of suggesting fisticuffs in the alley,—another, playing a small rôle, was so insistent on being in all the flashlights taken (whether of his own legitimate scenes or otherwise) that the entire company had to quit the stage before he could be reconciled to his appropriate obscurity!

Incidentally, talking of the Players' production, an ancient trick to "work up" curtain calls was indulged in by one of the ladies of the cast. I remember years ago seeing JAMES K. HACKETT employing the device of beating on the curtain when it was lowered following a call. This movement, for some strange reason, incites an audience to repeated applause—perhaps out of curiosity to see what is going on behind it! At any rate, it never fails to produce the desired "call," and it was rather interesting to learn of this ancient method being called into play during the revival of an ancient comedy!

RUTH DRAPER is the only American actress—so far as I am aware—who has had the privilege of appearing privately before both DUSE and BERNHARDT. With both, this always interesting *diseuse* enjoyed great success,—and in addition some advice that might be counted as confusing by one a bit less able to use her own judgment than Miss Draper. The Italian tragedian told Miss Draper to continue her work as she is doing it now—by the monologue and recitative method. The immortal French actress urged her to abandon that form of expression and devote her unusual talent to regular rôles in dramatic productions.

The biggest laugh I ever had in a theatre was at the New Amsterdam when LEON ERROL introduced his drunken dancing master act and tottered weak-kneed in his inimitable fashion about the stage while the young ladies—his bewildered pupils—endeavored frantically to follow suit. But another laugh at the New Amsterdam—a "wow" as the profession knows it—just about sets the laughter record for New York. Just before WILL ROGERS quit the *Follies* to return to the Coast, the New York City Jubilee parade of city employees and officials occurred. Upon which event Rogers commented, after his fashion, "It was funny how they placed the street cleaners right behind the aldermen!"

A STAR SEES STARS

THE stage seems to be getting pugilistic. A friendly dispute between the star of the Theatre Guild production of *Peer Gynt* and its stage manager resolved itself into a ring event during a performance. The outcome was by way of a draw, the star losing the fight but the unhappy stage manager losing his job! The Guild directors might have had somewhat more respect for anyone with courage enough to lambast a star, whether he was in the right or wrong! That sort of courage is far too rare in the American theatre!

When SOMERSET MAUGHAM was in New York he received a note somewhat to the following effect: "Dear Mr. Maugham—I am a total stranger to you and a good girl trying to get along! If when you visit our office which you are scheduled to do tomorrow (a play agency) you make believe we're old friends, it'll just about land a raise for me! Be a sport! I'm at the desk just outside Mr. ———'s office." To Maugham's credit let it be said his gallantry did not fail him. The damsel in distress was greeted like a long-lost sister. But woe! oh woe! she *didn't* get her raise!

The only successful venture the Equity had was their production of *The Rivals*. It could have run on indefinitely to big takings but the usual discord terminated the run—quite unnecessarily—after two weeks of big takings.

A girl's calf should have the same circumference as her neck. This, at least, is the rule of admission to old Doctor Ziegfeld's beauty classes.

CIRCUS LAW

AT the Barnum lot the other day I happened to observe that two noted acrobats long famous for their joint aerial feats seemed no longer to be working together. Inquiry brought out the fact that though both were still with the same circus they were working separately at the time due to a minor quarrel. Out of which came the illuminating and interesting bit of information that acrobats whose life depends on the zeal of another's co-operation have an unwritten law forbidding them to work with anyone they've had dispute with until the rancor is well past.

Such is life in the movies! First ERNEST TORRENCE couldn't get a film job because his face had no "menace." Finally, after he had played in *Tol'able David* he was tagged as a "dirty dog villain" and couldn't get work because he had *too much* menace! Until, finally, the shrewd LASKY determined that TORRENCE'S great appeal was his plain, honest homeliness and cast him as the trail finder of *The Covered Wagon*—which disclosed TORRENCE to the "trade" for what he really is—a dern good actor—capable of menace or otherwise.

The Open Time Circuit

Vaudeville's Smart Summer Resort, the Curb Before the N. V. A., Where Idle Artists Wait For Bookings and Discuss Their Agent's Alibis.

V·A·U·D·E·V·I·L·L·E

A Review of the New Turns and Novelties in the Two-A-Day

Conducted By BLAND JOHANESON

REGULARLY every Monday morning the hospitable Mr. Walter Kingsley, of the Keith executive offices, dispatches to me by special courier a slip which demands the admission of "two" to the world's premier music hall, the Palace Theatre; and regularly weekly I am reminded by it of my precarious social standing. If a companion in depravity who reviews slapstick movies happens to be engaged with it, or otherwise, there is no person eager to descend with me to such depths as vaudeville in pursuit of the impish fays of entertainment. Frank friends express their regret that the family strain of madness should have taken this form or their conviction that I have been prenatally marked by a trained seal, and inform me that all vaudeville performers are born with no foreheads and full sets of gold teeth, and that the base individuals who are amused by their offensive antics are the hard-boiled gentry of boot-leggers, ticket-scalpers, song-pluggers, turf-touts and their nocturnal lady-friends. But cross-examination invariably reveals that these simple well-wishers never have ventured inside the music halls, having been dismayed by the displays of dark blue collars with red ties, boots with novelty buttons, ragtime overcoats and complete King Tut disguises which they have encountered at the entrances.

VAUDEVILLE may not be the most refined of the amusements. Happily, it isn't. But there is some vindication for it, other than Joe Cook.

Like roquefort cheese and all wholesomely rotten delicacies, vaudeville is a cultivated taste. It's addicts include Woodrow Wilson, and Reubens, the sandwich virtuoso. Its millions of patrons range all the way from the childish family folk who come to see the steenth episode in the thrilling "Enforcement Officers' Honor," which follows the skating bears, to the past masters in the secret Order of the Well-known Know who frequent the Palace in New York.

To appeal to such conglomerate tastes and understandings the theatre must have elastic standards, and these are responsible for the curious contradictions and inconsistencies in its offerings at present.

It is a quaint custom of the gentleman at the helm of this gigantic theatrical schooner to assure the purity of his moral decks by calling to account and impressing with the meaning of "refined vaudeville" any performers found guilty of cracking jokes considered, to use the vernacular, "blue." Gags which hint too frankly of naughty conduct or fail of respect to such institutions as the Home or the Ladies come under this colorful ban. Yet the average music hall ballad goes so deeply into the indigo as to particularize about the amorous adventures of all the *café au lait* pullman-porter-wreckers from New Orleans to Lenox Avenue.

Thus in vaudeville the institutions may be treated jazzily, with a trombone accompaniment *lento affectuoso*, but not flippantly. The darker peoples are not expected to have moral sensibilities, anyhow; and the white, after marriage, are not expected to have humorous ones.

Therefore, what sophistication we find in vaudeville must come in very subtly with such slyly racy sidewalk conversation as that between Savoy and Brennan, or the inconsequential line of fly chatter by Jack Osterman, a youth possessing compelling magnetism and charm, who comes out dressed up as an actor, and very entertainingly manages to suggest a whole lot without committing himself, or such smart and flighty lyrics as those composed by Harry Carroll.

WHILE holding no brief for lawless sportiness, I simply offer this refutation to the cultivated element which still cherishes the delusion that all vaudeville is a riot of Mammy! Mammy! sentiment and rubber stamp gags combined to appeal to inveterate husband-hounders and wife-beaters in their tender moments.

Much of it is, but not all. The percentage of finished entertainment offered in the music halls is about equal to the percentage of finished entertainment provided by the legitimate. There must be something for the aesthete and intellectuel in a theatre offering such literal variety as Julia Arthur in *Hamlet*, the kalsomined shoulders of the Creole Fashion Plate and the eloquent tap-dancing of one gen'mum hight Bill Robinson.

As for the gentility sticklers who demand the pedigree and kennel registration of their entertainers, what vaudeville performers I have encountered have been, beneath their royal Max Marx raiment, such sports and gentlemen to whom one would be glad to deal four aces and then raise before the draw. Let them go so far, if they like, as to eat with their knives at the N. V. A. club. Only the slight sins of underbreeding which are committed in their acts should concern us. For these (such as the disrespect for their amazing papa so obviously shown by the shrill little Foys) I have no mercy.

At the close of a racking season of ragtime aesthetics consider this exculpation of an unconventional taste.

MR. Tom Burke, the Covent Garden tenor, is wearing in vaudeville formal evening dress the splendor of which is only equalled by that of Ernst Rolf, the European cabaret idol. And periodically from his right hip pocket he is wont to whip a kerchief of the most emotional blue. How can any gentleman expect serious, even courteous, consideration as a singer of finesse and tact when he indulges in such a disconcertingly comical affectation? Benny Leonard skips a rope in purple tights and the Prince of Wales rides to the hunt in a pink jacket. Mr. Burke, by escaping his color complex in either fashion, would permit us to enjoy his interesting rendition of his songs with more composure.

MERCIFULLY, the jazz cornets have not yet sounded taps over the grave of the stringed orchestra. The most conspicuously successful new act of the month has been that of Joe Fejer and his Hungarian Musicians, frank restaurant entertainment, but delightful, hauntingly suggestive of warm nights and peek-a-boo blouses and wet seidels oozing emotional foam.

Heady music to have evoked all this, for it was more than ten years ago when I last heard him, playing the violin in an obscure Temple of Gourmandy, presided over by Emil Gerstel, the culinery impresario.

Fejer is a real musician, a finished and artistic one, and his act is worth hearing. Even the confirmed jazz-maniacs cannot fail to respond to the compelling charm of the Wiener waltz.

The Amateur's Green Room

THE GROWTH OF THE FOLK PLAY

IN the Fall, the Playmakers of the University of North Carolina hope to take possession of their new theatre building, and to quote Professor Frederick H. Koch, with whom the "folk" play idea originated: "We expect to make it a *State* theatre in the full sense of the word—a radial center of the People's Theatre of North Carolina." Native drama, as served to the people of that State has caught the popular fancy—of that there is no doubt. Their fifth tour of the State was a triumph, with large and enthusiastic audiences in every one of the twelve towns in which they played, from Asheville to Pinehurst.

And the folk play idea continues to grow apace! Hubert Heffner, one of Professor Koch's enthusiastic desciples and author of *Dod Gast Ye Both,* in the repertoire of the Carolina Playmakers, has carried the message to far-off Wyoming, where as instructor at the University of Wyoming, Laramie, he has established the Wyoming Playmakers and recently produced with great success, a program of original Wyoming folk plays, written by his students. Their repertoire includes: *Grey Bull,* by Marian V. Higgins, a drama of Indian tradition; *Red Sunset,* by G. Edward Pendray, a tragedy of a Wyoming homesteader, and *Men Is Men,* by Ruth Holsom, a comedy of Wyoming ranch life.

What a splendid thing it would be for the country at large if one student from each State might join Professor Koch's Playmakers and later, carry his message "back home!"

BATON ROUGE DRAMATIZES ITS HISTORY

IN Louisiana, land of romance, where history has indited her pages under the flags of England, Spain and France, the home-coming pageant at Baton Rouge, recently produced by J. St. Clair Favrot, unfolded a brilliant and colorful picture of other days.

Mr. Favrot has been prominently associated with the Little Theatre movement in Baton Rouge; he is also an ardent advocate of the "folk play" and it is his ambition to enrich the dramatic literature of the State with native drama that will vizualize the legends of Louisiana for the descendents of those who made its history. It was logical, therefore, that Mr. Favrot should have been chosen to write and direct the Pageant of Baton Rouge.

In his foreword he characterized Louisiana as "An outpost in the dawn of civilization, scarred by the wars of two centuries, where hovers the romance of the struggles of the great European nations for supremacy in the Mississippi Valley." And so the pageantry of years and nations was presented, beginning with the planting of the *Red Stick* (Baton Rouge), by the Indians, down through the English, French and Spanish supremacy to the Confederacy and the World War, with finally a golden vision of the future.

It was truly a community affair, which all Baton Rouge turned out to see, and it is hoped that the interest which this pageant has quickened and brought to life may aid in the development and encouragement of native drama. Louisiana is rich in play making material that should be put to cultural uses.

ANDREIEV'S "BLACK MASKERS"

THE play which the class of 1923 is giving in June is, without question, the most important production ever made at Smith College. Two years ago Brieux's *False Gods* was presented for the first time in America by the Senior Class, and this year they will give Leonid Andreiev's *Black Maskers* its American première.

Among his early symbolic dramas, between *The Life of Man,* which the Harvard Dramatic Club has just been doing, and *Anathema,* the play that has aroused such interest in New York this Spring, Andreiev wrote *The Black Maskers,* and this play expresses the baffling inscrutable mystery that environs human life, in more truly theatrical and understandable terms than either *The Life of Man* or *Anathema.*

The crowded and tumultuous action of the play will be under the expert direction of Professor Samuel A. Eliot, Jr., who has also designed the scenery and the masks for the production.

THE "PLAYCRAFTSMEN" OF YALE

LAST winter a group of undergraduates at Yale, organized under the name of The Playcraftsmen for the purpose of establishing a dramatic laboratory, and since the first of March four programs have been presented, consisting of seventeen plays by undergraduate authors. A number of distinguished guests, among others, Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern, have expressed their approval of the work of the Playcraftsmen, and the organization promises to become a permanent institution at Yale.

A HIGH SCHOOL THAT HOUSES A THEATRE

BRISTOL, CONN., is to be congratulated on the installation of a practical theatre in its new High School building. In the construction of Memorial High School, one wing is devoted to an assembly hall, gymnasium, swimming pool, which is not perhaps extraordinary, but what makes the building unique is the fact that instead of constructing the assembly hall in the usual and time-honored manner with a useless platform at one end, called a stage, provided with ornamental windows on two or three sides, one nice reading lamp in the center, and a room for the sewing society over the stage, provision was made for a practical stage, which will ultimately be completely equipped for the presentation of plays—but without the usual hazzards attendant on high school productions.

When plans for the building were under consideration, the problem of the school theatre was turned over to Mr. Roger S. Newell, President of the Bristol Community Players, with the result that Bristol's High School Hall is a perfect little theatre having an auditorium with a slopping floor seating thirteen hundred people including the gallery, and a stage adapted to accommodate modern scenery, lighting, dressing rooms, gridiron, pin rail, switchboard and dimmers. By this method, the assembly hall was improved for all school purposes, and also adequately arranged for all community events such as concerts, lectures, theatrical productions by the pupils, and other amateurs or professionals if desired.

Mr. Walter Hartwig of New York was consulted in the plans for the stage and is entitled to much of the credit for its excellent arrangement. The first play, *Adam and Eva,* was given by the Bristol Community Players under Mr. Hartwig's direction, to a full house, and the proceeds of the play were applied to the purchase of necessary equipment, tending to create a proprietary interest in the theatre in the entire community.

Th management of the theatre has been placed in the hands of a committee serving without salary whose duty and privilege it is to utilize it for the wholesome entertainment of Bristol people during such time as it is not in use for school purposes.

Bristol has for some years, through its "Community Players," been producing two or three plays each season, establishing an enviable reputation, and the new theatre should prove a fresh incentive to renewed efforts in the advancement of community drama.

NOTE

Colleges, Schools, Little Theatres and Community Dramatic groups are invited to submit news items for the The Amateur Stage Department; photographs may also be included. All material should be addressed to The Amateur Editor, THEATRE MAGAZINE, *2 West 45th St., New York.*

12755

Here, in the intimacy of this unique triangular "cellar" playhouse in the heart of New York's famous "village," Professional as well as Amateur players and playwrights, meet to work out problems in play and production. After the plays, informal musicals furnished by volunteer talent from the audience, stimulate discussion among the "intellectuals" who foregather there.

The Triangle Theatre

A Unique Playhouse That Is Housed in a Cellar

By ALICE ROHE

FOR the symbol worshipper, New York's newest Little Theatre cannot fail to have a two-fold interest. But you do not have to be a devotee of symbolism to get the significant parallel with the law about ideals and truth and beauty flowering from underground roots.

For the Triangle Theatre is an underground playhouse but its aims and aspirations soar to the heights.

When Kathleen Kirkwood, director and founder of the Triangle Club began to feel the urge for some medium of artistic group expression she took several kindred spirits into her confidence and the Triangle Theatre came into being. The Theatre is the home of the club and here foregather the artists of New York who are eager to welcome and participate in what is new in spirit and form.

The message sounded is to all playwrights, musicians and artists interested in the progress and development of Art. The roster of distinguished names is indicative that Art is not deaf.

PROFESSIONALS AND AMATEURS COMBINE FORCES

THE members of the company are young professionals, as well as amateurs, all fired by the same aim—to build a permanent organization in which they can work out their ideas in play writing and production.

The unprepared visitor to the underground theatre, who has a feeling of descending into Gorkyesque Lower Depths, has a surprise awaiting him. For down in this theatrical "cellar" Miss Kirkwood is doing things with modern lighting and stage settings which enthuse even experienced professionals.

The arrangement of the theatre is unique in that the stage is not elevated, it has no footlights, borders or strips, but is lighted entirely by spotlights and the Rhinehardt dome. And on this perfectly equipped stage, one-act plays, ballets, pantomime, musical programs are presented with all the illusion which the uptown and above-ground commercial theatres offer.

A TRIANGULAR SHAPED THEATRE

NOT only the artistic atmosphere, but the very form of the Triangle Theatre is original—entirely its own. The reconstructed basement or cellar is triangular in shape. Around the walls runs a narrow, slightly raised platform upon which are benches with tables in front of them. Chairs and tables run parallel with the stage in the body of the house. For smoking is not *defendu* during the performance and ash trays are necessary. Then too, after the performance, coffee or ginger ale are served and the tables are convenient accessories when the intime spirit of the club bursts forth in comment and discussion.

At one side of the stage is the orchestra, a violin and piano. The walls are covered with original drawings by celebrites of celebrities — all associates of the underground Triangle Theatre, with its upshooting ideas.

At the apex of the triangle a stained glass window glows—only it isn't a window at all, but lighting illusion of a painted window effect.

That is the material construction of this theatre, with its soft lights and distinctive "local color" into which one descends from the noise of Seventh Avenue, just midway in the block between Perry and Eleventh Streets.

When you are seated you discover that with all its unique features of construction —the living element in this underground theatre gives it a decided character in audience as well as stage.

There is an eagerness of interest and purpose, an expressed intelligence that somehow or other one does not sense in so intimate a manner in the commercial theatre.

AN AUDIENCE OF NOTABLES

IN the audience one may see the beautiful Mrs. Oliver Harriman and on the stage, her young son, Borden, playing—and excellently too—Sintram of Skaggerack with his poetic passion for the sea. And there, too, is Mrs. Dorothy Benjamin Caruso in the audience, while on the stage is her brother, Romeyn Benjamin, a young actor of such pronounced ability that no one is surprised that Grace George, also in the audience, singles him out and bids him to the Brady office for a professional engagement.

That experienced playwrights are not indifferent to the new in spirit and form which the Triangle Theatre represents is shown by the presence of Martha Stanley and Adelaide Matthews.

Ethel Barrymore and Emily Stevens are there, recognizing, as does Grace George, that from these Little Theatres genius springs often directly to the professional stage.

A regular visitor is sure at some time or other to meet at very close range most of the important people interested in the Arts.

YOUNG AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHTS FAVORED

THE programs vary in character as well as in nationality, sometimes a whole evening being given over to one foreign playwright as in the Anton Tchekhoff numbers. American playwrights are especially encouraged however, and new plays are tried out. F. Scott Fitzgerald, Don Marquis, Sada Cowan, have had "first nights" on one act plays at the Triangle, while many an aspiring and talented young playwright is scheduled for appearance while the present "stock company" is hard at work.

The advantage of the informal musicals after the plays when an open program for all willing talent is a feature, is closely related to the discussions. For "intellectuals" find themselves talking to each other about the good and bad points in the plays in between numbers and during numbers.

Jacinto Benavente, a visitor to Triangle Theatre said of it: "This is the most interesting theatre in New York. It enables the artist to bring his message directly to the audience without the artificial exaggeration imposed by footlights and distance."

FASHION

Smart women of society and the stage continue to register their approval of the delightful fashion of the Spanish shawl, and the beautiful Mrs. James Vail Converse, sister of Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, who has been appearing under her maiden name of Thelma Morgan with Marion Davies in Cosmopolitan Productions, was seen dining at the Ritz on a recent evening, wearing this lovely example in soft patel colorings.

These embroidered shawls are truly one of the happiest propositions that the mode has ever offered to women, for they solve a half dozen different problems of evening frock and wrap, and their lure is 99% infallible. Every woman who can should possess at least one in her beauty repertoire.

For any details as to embroidered Spanish shawls similar to this worn by Mrs. Converse, write The Fashion Department of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, *2 West 45th St., New York City.*

Ira L. Hill

LOVELY EXAMPLES OF THE SUMMER SILHOUETTE AND ITS COLORINGS ARE ALMA TELL'S FROCKS IN "AREN'T WE ALL?"

An ideal frock for smart travel routes is the one which "Margot" wears up from Egypt, a crepe the grey of a dove, with the wisdom of the serpent in its sash lined with hyacinth blue. A grey crepe de chine cape and a cloche of grey felt with a ribbon cockade of hyacinth blue carry out this adorable color scheme.

White Studios

Of lavender crepe is a week-end frock for a summer morning, worn by "Margot" at "Lord Grenham's" house in the country. The very engaging and unusual decoration on the frock is formed by "whorls" of ribbon in yellow and black and red "spider-webbed" in worsted, these same tones matched up in the cockade at the right hip with its long ribbon streamers.

For any details as to Miss Tell's frocks, where similar models may be purchased, and at what price, write The Fashion Department of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, *2 West 45th St., New York City.*

THEATRE MAGAZINE

Number Two West
Forty Fifth Street
New York

Mes chères Lectrices!

I am stealing a march on my publishers. They themselves wished to make a formal announcement to you of the innovation in our Fashion Department that is starting with next month. But I myself wished to have that pleasure. Perfectly reasonable, n'est-ce-pas, since I myself am in large measure to be the responsible member in the change.

Beginning with September, then, I am going — like "Merton" with "the Movies" — to give you "bigger and finer things" in the Fashion Department. Nothing that is novel and smart and exclusive in the way of costume shall escape me: it will be registered and passed on to you at once. Not only will the stage, as heretofore, be scoured for the Choicest of its models, but first night audiences, little restaurant and cabaret supper parties

THEATRE MAGAZINE

Number Two West
Forty Fifth Street
New York

the shops, the Studios, the Avenue, will be submitted to the same scrutiny for what-ever treasures they may have to offer.

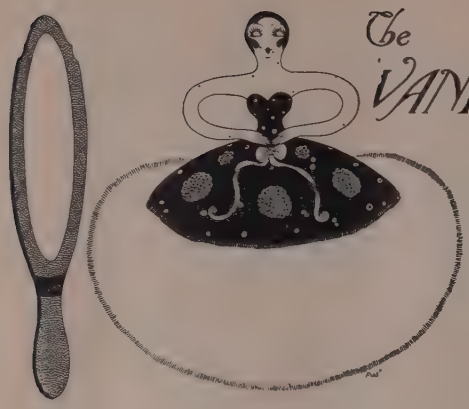
Angelina will sit up later than ever to record for you modes and man-ners seen. "Am I to have no rest" says Tubby. "Less than ever," says Angelina, "And if you are going to be fussy about it, I shall take with me the young and good looking Charles Le Maire, in your stead." "Who is he," pretends Tubby loftily. And Angelina tells him, "You know perfectly well who Charles Le Maire is. Everybody does" .. and then recapitulates, chantingly, for emphasis, and boastingly, and to make Tubby unhappy, "He is the clever-est artist and designer imaginable. He did the lovely costumes for the so-popular 'Wildflower.' He has done the Costumes for the latest edition of the Ziegfeld Follies', and for glorious

Gloria Swanson. He will do sketches for me."

Me too, in my capacity as Anne Archbald, Fashion Editor, — I am to have the assistance of Mr. Le Maire. And you may call on our combined opportunities and skilled experience for whatever information you wish in playing that most fascinating game in the world, "How to make oneself more attractive every day in every way."

With the best wishes, I am,

Most Cordially yours
Anne Archbald
Fashion Editor



The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

WE hope all our readers have begun by now, along with Hermione and ourself, "to take up perfumes seriously." The study of them is like so much else. You start in merrily, thinking that you will learn all there is to be known in a short time, but the further you go the deeper you get and the more you discover. So if there are any of you who have not yet started research and experimentation along the perfume route we advise you to hasten into line. Else the rest of us will be far ahead of you on the road of fascination.

For the past few weeks we have been a joy to ourself. We have been living, day and night, with the most delicious perfume,—a perfume that just seems to hit us right every way. Each time a whiff of it catches the attention of our conscious mind we exclaim mentally, "Oh, how nice we smell!" And if our friends and acquaintances are to be believed (and we suppose they may since they are equally frank in *dis* as in *ap*-proval) they entirely agree with the verdict of our own nose, especially the men we know . .

We are indebted for this acquired charm to Miss Delyle Alda (God bless her!). We went to a matinee of the new George White *Scandals,* and then went back after to prima donna Alda's dressing room. The most glorious burst of scent struck our nostrils with the opening of the door. We could hardly mind our manners for wanting to demand on the spot what it was. Not everybody likes to pass on the secret of their pet perfume. It is many times a real favor when they do. And Miss Alda, again God bless her, did!

"Tut-an-Kham," she told. "Especially created by Godet, one of the biggest and oldest perfume houses in France, though very few American women over here know about it as yet. Never mind, they will! The perfume was put out in honor of the recent discoveries in Egypt, but was based on age-old formulas. I'm so glad you like it. I think it most unusual myself and everyone who smells it seems to be of the same mind . . it's at once so sweet and so penetrating. You see how completely it perfumes this room . . and a few drops last for days. Another interesting thing about it is that it's different from other Oriental odors because it's of combined flowers. People imagine that all Eastern perfumes must be made up of musk and incense and heavy scents like that. They forget how important a part flowers, roses and jasmin particularly, play in the East. Why, all Oriental poetry is full of them . . nightingales singing to roses, and jasmin scenting the hot night . . and so on . . You know!"

"And may we be further impertinent," we asked, "and know where one may get this perfume?"

"Most certainly," said Miss Alda. "And I will tell you something further. For a dollar you can buy a bottle of it,—a bottle that holds almost three times as much as the ordinary container you get for that price. Just for fun I measured . . All the Godet perfumes, incidentally, are bottled in France . . When you go for your "Tut-an-Kham" ask them to let you smell their "Petite Fleur Bleue"—"For-get-me-not." You may like that even better . . I use that more at home . . it's very racy and fresh and attractive . . splendid for summer . .

"And then there's a delightful "Jasmin" . . So hard to find a real one, isn't it? And an "Exquisité" . . Also my husband is keen about a perfume for men that Godet is featuring, and he has the courage to use it on occasions. Most American men think it effeminate to use perfume. Ridiculous superstition, isn't it? All Frenchmen use perfume, and yet were able to win a war none the less."

(For information as to where these five unusual Godet perfumes, "Tut-an-Kham," "Petite Fleur Bleue," "Jasmin," "Equisité," and the perfume for men, may be purchased, write The Vanity Box, Care The Theatre Magazine, 2 West 45th Street, New York City. Or send us $1.00 *and we will send you direct any one of the odors in the dollar size bottle mentioned above.)*

THE PROMENADES OF ANGELINA

She Goes to Long Beach and Is Introduced to the Late Trick in Cameras by "Merton of the Movies."

IT was both a pleasurable and a profitable Sunday that Tubby and I in last week at Long Beach . . Tubby happened to be spendin Sat.-to-Mon. with us on Long Island, having ridden down late in afternoon in his roadster . . Mother, for that same week-end, happene be having some frightful bores . . husb*inds* and wives . . you know the of thing . . as Dorothy Parker of *Life* says, "too many people have th Tubby and I had at once the same thought of how wasn't it exactly the to desert our own sands and run over to Long Beach. We hopped his s roadster and so did . .

We found the boardwalk parade gay and amusing as ever and betw the two of us saw a lot of people we knew. Best luck of all, we ran into enchanting "Merton of the Movies," Glenn Hunter, whom all the young th adore. Tubby signed him up to have a bite of lunch . . and in the mean we three sat down on a bench to review the crowd and criticize the Both were unusually satisfactory that day . . and "Merton" was engro in them, especially the parade. Good reason why, too! For he was carr a new and extraordinary camera . . a small box of an affair, not over inches high, and yet with which he was taking *moving pictures* . .

When someone passed on the boardwalk that seemed to him to offer i esting features, particularly of a comedy nature, he focussed the camer them through a lens at the top, pressed a button and . . click-click-click, rattled off an amount of film as far as the limits of the bench permitted Few of those photographed were aware of what was being done, sinc tripod was being used, and those that were took it with a mixture of ple self-consciousness and good-natured indifference . .

To make life more joyous there comes from France an astonishing little camera besides taking "snaps" and "exposures" will run you off a neat nnd tidy n picture for the home.

"It's quite the trickiest thing I've seen this summer," I told "Merton must have one . . I wish I had one this instant . . I should so like to re the details of several of the smart frocks I've seen going by."

"I'll lend you a film right now, if you like," said "Merton," more handsomely. So he used up his remaining roll, took a fresh one from his and put it in for me in a jiffy. That started Tubby asking questions ar learned that the film is the same standard film as would be used in t regular productions at Hollywood . . you can buy the rolls at any kodak . . Then we were shown how to focus, and how to press the little butt the top, and how to follow along through the lens whatever moving one wanted to take, and so on . . I got along famously as an "operato It was the greatest fun . . I took frock upon frock . .

The big advantage of this little camera, "Merton" pointed out, is besides getting things in action you can go over your film afterward, pi the poses you think best, and have them developed and enlarged . . e a seven by ten size . . The camera is absolutely wonderful for taking p of pet animals or children, whom it's so hard to make keep still, and inva in the case of self-conscious grown-ups, those people whose proofs, if y them to keep still, come out looking like passport pictures. Did I make i too that with this camera you can have "movies" at home? All you nee projector and a very inexpensive one is adequate. Fancy, how nice yourself as you really look! Far superior to any triple mirror! And the of this cunning and novel affair? *The S-e-p-t, Sept.*

The ROAMER
Pleases Everyone

It pleases the eye of the artist—

The motor judgment of the engineer—

The sense of comfort of the owner—and his sense of economy, as well.

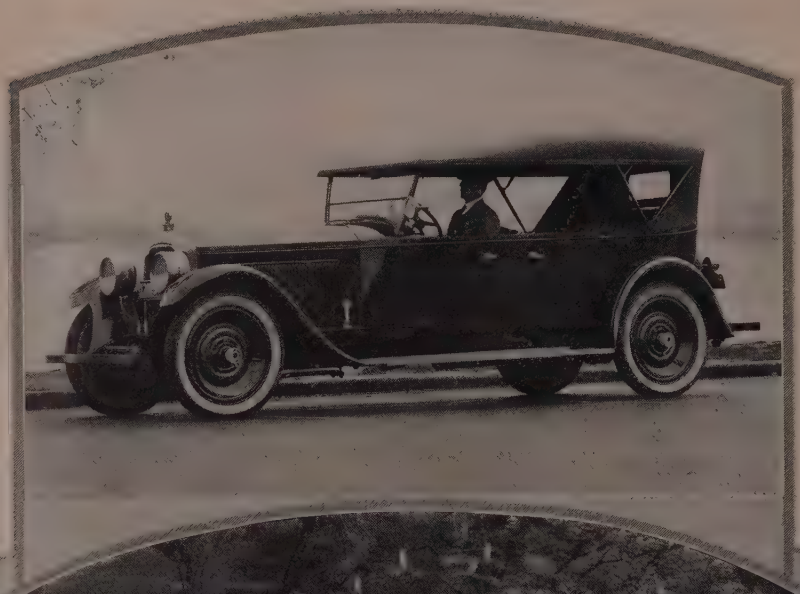
It pleases—because every part of the Roamer is chosen for strength, beauty and comfort—never for cheapness.

The Roamer is built of the best the motor world affords. Its standard parts throughout mean that you will have less need of service—and better service when you need it.

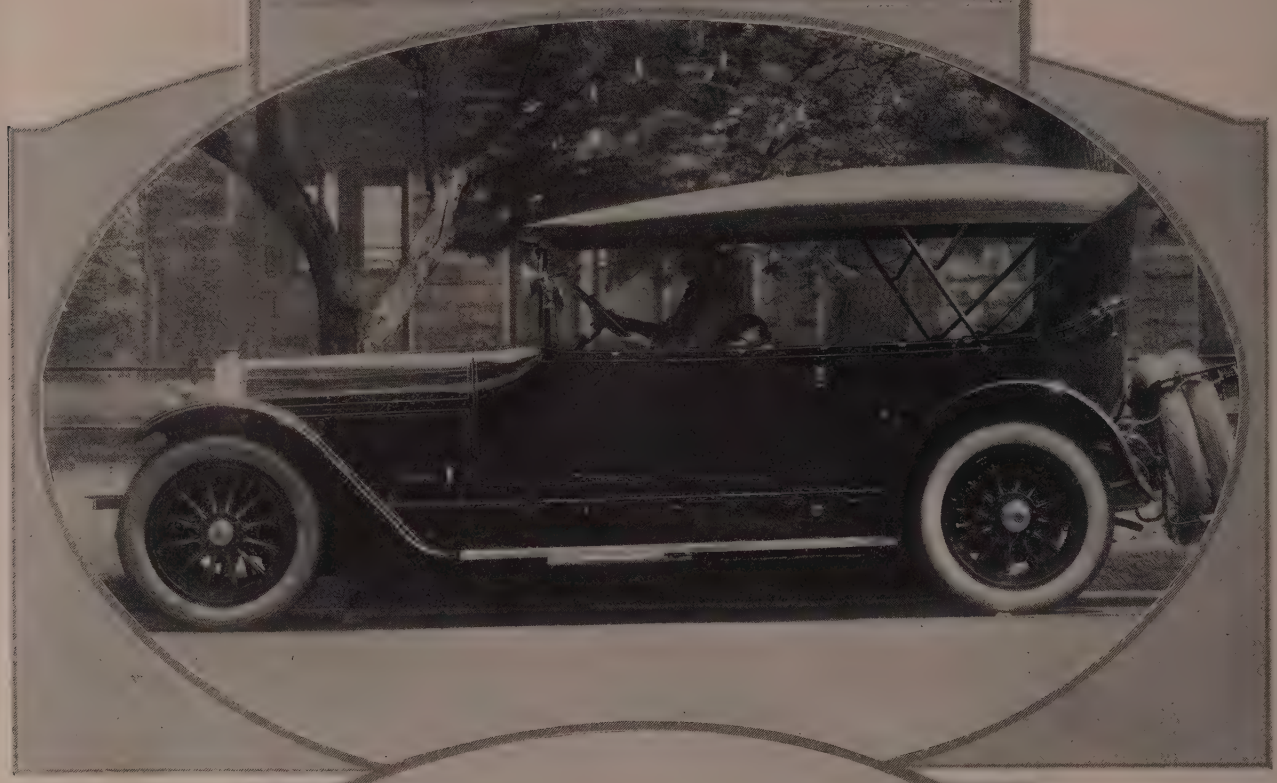
America's Smartest Car—and at a Moderate Price

ROAMER

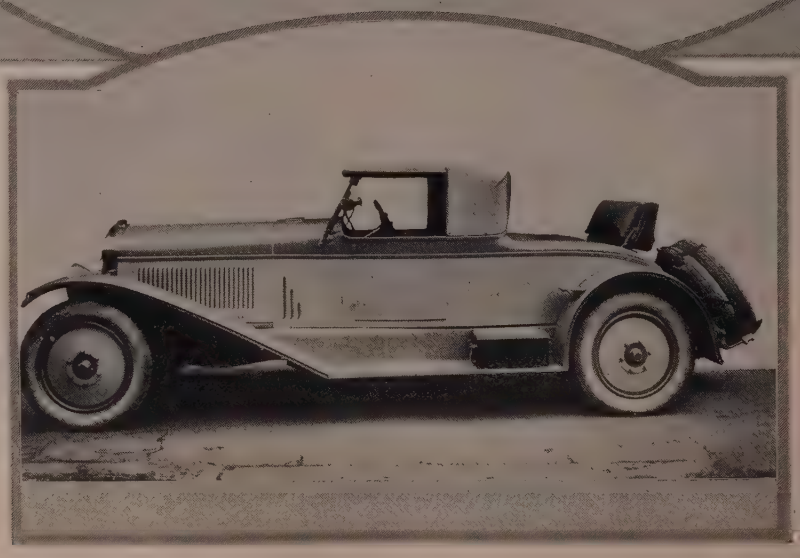
ROAMER MOTOR CAR COMPANY, KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN



The Packard Single Eight, with four wheel brakes. A new principle for eight cylinder in line motors used in this car is said to completely eliminate vibration. The four wheel brakes have less than half the number of parts used in conventional rear wheel brakes. Ease of operation and unlimited power are features.



(*Above*) This is one of the cars Uncle Sam provides for the use of President Harding. It is a new Locomobile touring, and with power aplenty, quickly carries the Nation's chief executive to the golf links or far into the country districts of Virginia and Maryland.



Runabout body on Isotto Fraschini chassis, by Le Baron, designed by Harvey Gibson and Capt. Ugo d'Annunzio, son of the famous poet. Seats three passengers with comfortable seat in deck for two. Oil finish, two tone gray, with light walnut woodwork; top of English Burbank and upholstery, French Bedford cord.

MID-SUMMER MOTORING MODES

Power and Beauty Combined in the Season's Most Attractive Cars

The Mysterious Door

It guards the most sought for secret in the world

LIKE alchemists of old, perfumers have spent their lives seeking in vain the secret which Vivaudou has at last found. Always wizard of perfumery, Vivaudou has now made the greatest single contribution to the art of perfume.

Perhaps you have heard of the famous Door of Mystery, that has stirred the amazed interest of the perfume world. But you can never know what marvelous secret it jealously guards. Only Vivaudou and the four walls know.

But to give to ***you*** *the bewildering appeal of this secret, Vivaudou has created Mai d'Or.*

MAI D'OR

-more than merely a fragrance

IN Mai d'Or there is something not found in any other fragrance. It is within the secret door that Mai d'Or is given a new quality that no other perfume has ever had. How this mysterious power is imparted no one will ever know, but Mai d'Or alone of all perfumes can possess it.

The moment you breathe its fragrance you instantly know that it is not only fragrance—but something exquisitely more. With it you wield a new and delightful power—it stimulates you to greater heights of charm. It has delicacy and subtlety and refinement—but softly hidden in the folds of its refinement there lurks an unsuspected power—truly the power to charm. For Mai d'Or is more than merely a fragrance.

Mai d'Or possesses the capacity to charm; it is at once the flashing eyes of the gay coquette—the warm soft color of the debutante—the sinuous grace of the silken gowned Parisienne. It appeals—it attracts—it excites the interest of those about you; the envy of women—the homage of men. Will you let another hour exist without knowing the compelling charm of it?

Vivaudou's Mysterious Door will hold its secret as stolidly as the Sphinx, but you may know that in this very secret lies the difference in the Mai d'Or fragrance—the reason that you will prefer it.

Send for Sample and "The Story of the Secret Door"

Write now for a tiny bottle of Mai d'Or and a bit of the exquisite powder in a new pat-a-cake-puff—the powder, besides being so soft, contains the mysterious fragrant quality—for it too, is perfumed with Mai d'Or. Send only 20 cents for both to defray the cost of sending it to you—the perfume and powder together represent a real value.

And until they are gone we will include the interesting book "The Story of the Secret Door" with hints on how to use perfume effectively.

Send stamps or coin to Vivaudou,
(Dept. 1-D-8) 469 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

You will want to know all of these Mai d'Or Toiletries

POUDRE—POUDRES COMPACTES—ROUGES—EAU DE TOILETTE—PARFUM—TALC—CREME—SAVON

All are enriched with the marvelous Mai d'Or fragrance. Perhaps you would like to try the Vanity Size Perfume—convenient for dressing table or to tuck in your purse.

Ask for Mai D'Or at any good store

Paris VIVAUDOU New York

Creator of exclusive toiletries—Mavis—La Boheme—and the famous Ego Beauty Treatment

Miss Alice Brady wearing a beautiful Ermine Cape by BERGDORF - GOODMAN *Duplicates of this cape, velvet lined, at Summer price of* $1000
BERGDORF GOODMAN
616 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

PARIS GRAND GUIGNOL COMING TO AMERICA

(*Concluded from page* 20)

springs of action here appear totally false; as pure comedy it would do very well, but the introduction of an emotional element falsifies the humor without creating any real sympathetic appeal.

The Sarah Bernhardt Theatre, usually the background for such productions as *L'Aiglon, Cyrano de Bergerac,* and *La Tosca,* is today the scene of Francen's *Le Champion,* a play in which a hero of the prize ring is taken seriously as a romantic protagonist. The Champion finds that in the midst of his female adorers there is one whom he cannot so easily conquer; and to this conquest he devotes himself, finally triumphing over his more subtle and intellectual brother, whom the woman originally prefers. But he conquers only to cast her off and depart in high scorn for further heroic and monetary triumphs—in America, of course. Thus is repeated the situation of the old ballads, with the modern prize fighter in place of the mediaeval knight. It is a curious step in the history of romance.

At the Théatre des Arts, Fran de Curel's *Terre Inhumaine* has a longer run than straight drama usually accorded in Paris. Eve Fra who outlasted much of a former sea in the absurd pseudo-Russian-Rev tion play, *Natchalo,* spent many a t throated evening in *Terre Inhuma* but moved on recently to the p and circumstance of *The Hostage* the OEuvre.

Terre Inhumaine is a conflict wits between a French spy and wife of a German prince, involv the additional complication of phys attraction between the two and necessity of protecting the boy's m er, a war situation with a slig original dénouement consisting of killing of the princess and the ab doning of the mother to pay penalty — all, of course, in the terests of *la patrie.* Louis Gauth who plays the spy and has steeped in melodrama, has gifts comic effect which it would be come to see him pursue more ex sively.

PANNING CHANNING

(*Concluded from page* 19)

In Washington the Cherries appeared at the old Bijou Theatre. So hearty was the response to the press agent's suggestion that the entire stock of the market was transferred to the stage at each and every performance.

Channing loftily ignored the agricultural exhibition, but launched a criticism that reduced the weird Sisters to Cherry-smash. The Sisters retorted with a threat to publicly horsewhip the dramatic editor of the *Washington Post.* That was my job, but I generously awarded this promised perquisite to Pollock, who had honestly earned it.

However, good work is always rewarded, and although Channing,—owing to his modesty,—did not collect the promised chastisement, his Cherry-ripe story won for him the position of dramatic editor on *The Washington Times.* Channing filled the requirements admirably, until he was summarily discharged for losing the theatre advertisements. Accordin instead of ekeing out his existenc a self-satisfied provincial critic, lock came to New York and ca out a real career.

Even in those days Channing dreaming dramas. He walked my office one morning with the tented air of the cat that caught canary and announced proudly: ' key, I have just completed a pl

"How long did it take you?" I quired in the condescending ton an author who has already had sev plays rejected—with thanks.

"Four days," replied Channin

"Then you'd better burn it," torted sternly.

Whether Channing followed my vice or not I never learned. B believe that in his juvenile n *Behold the Man,* was the germ which years later developed greatest and well deserved, dram success, *The Fool.*

THE MIRRORS OF STAGELAND

(*Continued from page* 12)

A Yale sophomore who was week ending in New York chose *Hail and Farewell* as the one play he could not afford to miss. When I asked him why, he answered: "Because Florence Reed is playing in it. She has more pep than any other actress on the American stage. I have seen her serving tea in her drawing room; siding at a luncheon to Frances— called her Fanny—Starr; recei friends in her dressing room betw performances of her always exac rôles; and she always seemed a power dynamo in full action.

(*Concluded on page* 60)

Why I called it PUNG-CHOW

TWENTY years ago, in Peking, the great Chinese statesman, Li Hung Chang, showed me a game. He called it "Pe-Ling." Today thousands of Americans enjoy it as "Pung Chow." A gorgeous game, the venerable viceroy spread before me—gleaming ivory tiles, brightly painted with miniature bamboos, birds, and dragons. A fascinating game—deceptively simple. For two years, as if under a spell, I played constantly with Li Hung Chang, drawn deeper and deeper into the depths of this ever new and inexhaustible game.

3000 YEARS OLD

The lure of this game is so strong that coolies would play secretly—at the risk of the executioner's axe. For since the days of Confucius—five centuries before Christ—Pe Ling has been reserved for royalty alone. Not until modern times was it permitted to even the most powerful merchants.

A SACRED BIRD

You have often admired, aflight in Chinese tapestries, a striking bird, with long beak and legs. That is Pe-Ling, legendary bird of "a hundred intelligences," to whom for nearly three thousand years the game was dedicated. About 1850, however, among political concessions to rebellious coolies, was the right to play the royal game. But *not* under the royal name!

OUT OF BABEL

With the immediate popularity widespread among the masses came confusion and distortion of the rules. A dozen different names—Mah-Jong, Mah-Diao, Ma-Chuck—are found in different parts of China. The first sets used by the foreigners in Shanghai happened to come from the province of Ning-Po, where the sacred Pe-Ling was affectionately dubbed by the coolies Mah-Jong or "hemp-bird." And from Shanghai, this Ning-Po version first reached us in America.

Handicapped with a dozen names and different sets of rules, the magnificent Chinese game, lacking its most interesting features and played almost as a sort of "rummy," has, nevertheless, swept into America. It is not the game I learned from Li Hung Chang and which I have undertaken to organize for American use. Ignoring the variations in coolie play, I went back to classic Chinese sources for

AMERICA'S OWN GAME

I have translated and formulated what I hope will become the authoritative American code, because it accords with the play of the aristocratic Chinese. Bone will crack, and in American climate bamboo will warp. So I arranged to mould and stamp a beautiful and durable set of tiles out of clean and indestructible ivory pyralin. Painted in bright fast colors exactly like the most splendid Chinese sets, the American pieces can be washed at will and easily replaced when lost.

FOR YOU

Since there was no accepted Chinese name, I evolved a real American name, picking from out of the game itself "Pung" and "Chow"—two words which I hope you will soon learn to associate with the most absorbing and delightful of pastimes, the most beautiful game in the world—Pung Chow.

L. L. Harr

Ask your dealer for Pung Chow "The Set with the Real Dragons"

PUNG CHOW COMPANY, 21 East 40th Street, NEW YORK.

Enclosed find $_____. Please send me book checked below.

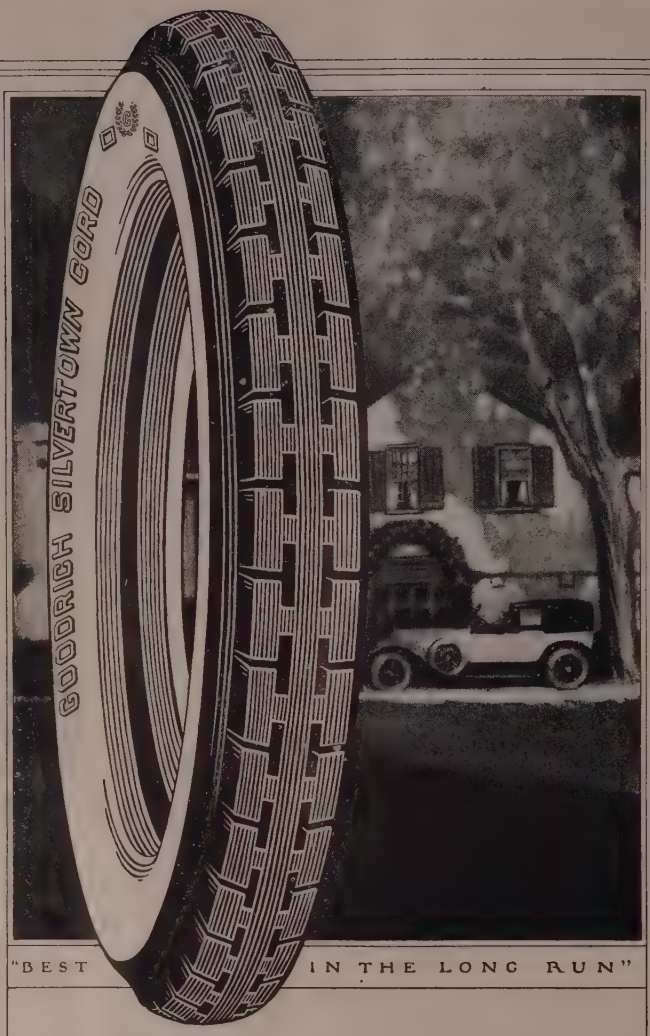
. . . . 1. HOW TO PLAY PUNG CHOW—From 20 years' play in China with experts in highest social circles, Mr. Harr has written the first complete authoritative handbook. The real Chinese game and its master-play is made plain in nearly 100 diagrams. The enlarged edition now ready, contains much new material not found anywhere else. Mr. Harr makes simple to you fine points still unknown to many professional teachers of the game. Price $2.00

. . . . 2. PUNG CHOW IN TEN MINUTES—A novel method by which beginners without any teacher may quickly and correctly learn the real Chinese game. All the elements clearly set forth with diagrams in two colors. Price 25c

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____



SILVERTOWN is the one word that means "cord tire" to the world. No need to add "cord" or "tire." SILVERTOWN means both. But now it is also the one word that means "One Quality Only." For SILVERTOWN is the product of a one-quality policy. We center thought, skill, and care on it, and make it the perfection of cord tires.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1870

In Canada—The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Ltd.
Toronto • Montreal • Winnipeg

Goodrich
SILVERTOWN CORD

SOLD BY GOODRICH DEALERS THE WORLD OVER

STAGE IMMORALITY AND THE ACTOR

(*Concluded from page 25*)

for incredible periods of time, without rest or relaxation, or that acting is not work. Actors are flesh and blood, made exactly like plumbers or bank clerks or street car conductors, all of whom have their day off. And acting is very hard work, involving a tremendous nervous strain.

Sunday performances would undoubtedly force actors to cheat and lay down on their big scenes. This will mean depreciation in the quality of acting at a time when a renascence seems at hand in the art of the American Theatre.

Most actors would willingly dispense with the extra eighth salary to be gained by this slavery. The advantage would probably not be for long in any case.

The Sunday audience would simply be drawn from the week day houses, and receipts, together with salaries, would fall to the old level. Moreover, any new profits would go, if experience can be trusted, not to the producers and players but to the landlords of theatrical properties who invariably at such times raise their rents.

The question is one, not of religion, but of fair play. Of course, many actors feel very strongly about the religious side of it. But that is far too personal a matter for Equity which is concerned solely with economic and hygienic problems of working conditions.

We do not object to playing some *bona fide* benefit whose profits go to some altruistic project not in any way connected with the management of the production. We do object to performing on these days for the benefit, directly or indirectly, of an employer.

Equity simply desires fair play for actors, for working conditions which will enable them to give the better acting that is always being demanded of them by a critical public. The Levy Bill to legalize Sunday performance would have made a helotry of this profession. We do not believe even the most hypercritical liberal can convert this stand into a defense of Blue Laws.

CINEMA

(*Concluded from page 34*)

those of Monte Blue, as Kennicott, and Florence Vidor, as Carol, his wife. And the picture makers have reproduced Gopher Prairie with detail so elaborate that not even I, who came from a Gopher Prairie-town in Kansas, could find flaws in its Main Street. All the little tell-tale marks of the small town, its atmosphere, its narrowness, its hateful manners, are there.

And still it is likely that much more might have been done on the screen with the soul of Carol Kennicott. I do not know so much about that, however. Souls are things that are difficult to photograph.

It is a picture play well worth seeing.

SLANDER THE WOMAN

Here we find Allen Holubar bringing out a new kind of Northwest drama. It is a new kind, says he, because there are no mounted police in it. Yet I promise you that all the usual hokum of this type of life-in-the great-open-spaces pictures is there.

It seems that a young woman from Montreal (Dorothy Philips) has lost her good name in her home town through no fault of her own, so she goes West into the woods to live it down, or up, or something. There she comes into contact with one hero, a bearded gent with a handsome face, one villain, one Japanese chore girl, one character man and several supers. These all go to make up a stirring drama which seems to reach its warmest moment when Dorothy horse-whips the villain and causes him to run backward into the river. The hero then turns out to be a young man she had never suspected him to be. There are several pretty sunset views and a half dozen landscapes of extreme fine photographic effect.

MARTIN JOHNSON AND WIFE

Now, speaking of courageous women here is one. Mrs. Martin Johnson, wife of the African jungle explorer. In *Trailing Wild Animals in Africa* Mrs. Johnson, young and pretty, of course, seems to take great delight in whispering to savage beasts and letting them tickle her cheeks with their whiskers.

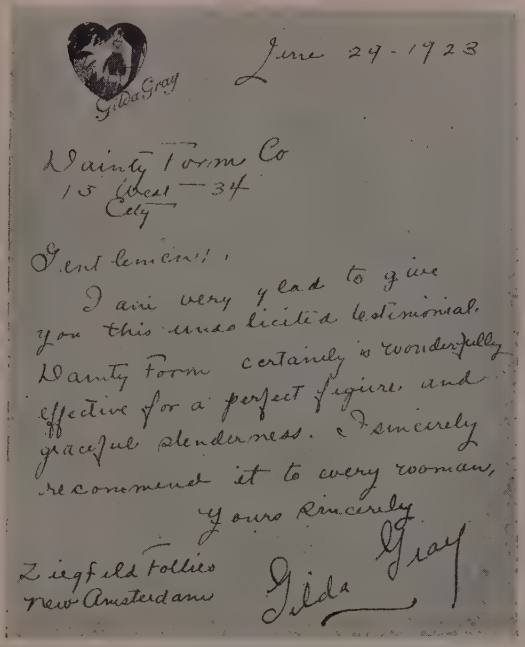
This set of semi-educational pictures is the most realistic and unthetrical ever made. I thought *Hunting Wild Game in Africa* was the limit in foolhardiness on the part of animal hunters, but Mr. and Mrs. Johnson have my vote.

What GILDA GRAY

Star of the Ziegfeld Follies Says About

DAINTY-FORM

Fat Reducing Cream



June 29-1923

Dainty Form Co
15 West — 34
City

Gentlemen:

I am very glad to give you this unsolicited testimonial. Dainty Form certainly is wonderfully effective for a perfect figure and graceful slenderness. I sincerely recommend it to every woman.

Yours Sincerely
Gilda Gray

Ziegfeld Follies
New Amsterdam

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UPTOWN, WEST

(*Concluded from page 32*)

WHEN his wife joins them, Sakamoto sits silently watching Allan and Mildred, until, unable to stand the self-inflicted torture any longer, he prepares for his journey.

ALLAN: There's something I want to say, Mr. Sakamoto. Mrs. Sakamoto just told me you are aware how things stand between her and me.

SAKAMOTO: (*Quietly*) Yes!

ALLAN: I know it sounds like a fairy-tale, but I give you my word it was entirely involuntary,—on my part at least,—and I'm sure it was on Mildred's. Neither of us wished it,—it just came before we realized it. I hope you believe that.

SAKAMOTO: Of course. (*With a wistful smile*) I know something about love now. I know that real love is of the spirit, not the body. It is a pure love,—it is immortal,—and we cannot destroy it if we try. If I did not think it was like that with you and Mrs. Sakamoto, I would not go 'way now and leave you here with her.

ALLAN: Oh, I'm going to take you down in the car.

SAKAMOTO: Please no, Mr. Reed. I can see it has make Mrs. Sakamoto feel so much better for you to be here. Please stay little while—(*To Mildred*) I am so glad you make yourself pretty, tonight. I am sure Mr. Reed like to see you so,—and while I am away it will make me happy to think of you as you look now. My S-snow Flower! (*With an effort he controls his emotion. Suddenly he snatches his overcoat and bag from the chair and hurries to the door.*) Goodbye, again, Mr. Reed,—goodbye, Mildred. I will be on my way home Sunday morning! (*An instant later the door slams. He is gone.*)

SCARCELY has Sakamoto gone when Florence enters. She has stolen morphine from the doctor and escaped from the sanitarium. Mildred is alarmed when she discovers that Florence has taken an overdose, puts her to bed and hurries out for the nearest doctor, leaving Allan to guard her sister. Mrs. Goldfarb phones up that she has made a cup of hot soup for Mrs. Sakamoto, and Allan, thinking Florence has fallen asleep, goes down to get it.

While he is absent, Sakamoto returns. Stealthily, he enters the room and switches off the lights, leaving only a faint glimmer from the study lamp on the desk. Sakamoto's whole aspect shows that he has undergone a complete spiritual transformation. Gliding into the bathroom he returns with a thin linen towel, which he twists into a small rope. Then creeping up to the bedroom where he believes Mildred lies sleeping, opens the door slowly and glides in.

Suddenly the piercing shriek of a terrified woman is heard. Then the scream ceases abruptly.

Sakamoto enters from the bedroom and stands listening a moment. The latch clicks in the vestibule, followed by violent rattling of the knob and shaking of the door. The doorbell is rung several times. Sakamoto's wild mood has passed and an air of quiet exaltation has taken its place. He stands listening as Allan alternately rings the bell and pounds on the door. Then, as the noises cease, he takes the sword from the wall, kneels down and baring his chest, holds the sword aloft, ready to strike.

SAKAMOTO: (*With a wild note of triumph*) We will *both* be with you Kuma San!

MUSIC

(*Concluded from page 36*)

to watch, and with a dramatic soprano voice?

"Why, I learned some stage technique in musical comedy," she admitted modestly, "but I know twelve operatic rôles."

She will probably make her début as one of the shrinking Micaelas or bolder Musettas, with a Valkyrie maiden to test the endurance of a young and ardent throat.

And along with the "Welcome Back" laurel wreaths there must be a large one for Moriz Rosenthal, the well remembered, who has not played the piano in these parts for the last seventeen years.

Rumors from Europe assure us that he has lost none of his technical brilliance, and that he has kept up vigorous interest in modern composers. His New York recital in October will probably draw old friends with memories and fresh students with, "That is the way I thought Rosenthal would play that passage!"

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

It is a long time since we have heard a duet number such as Lucrezia Bori and Beniamino Gigli sing on a new record just issued. It is a brief but delicious "*Ah! ne fuis pas encore!*" (Ah! Linger Yet a Moment!) from Gounod's "*Romeo and Juliet*," in which the voices of these well-chosen artists blend in gloriously high, sweet phrases, with the true accents of spoken emotion.

Those who associate Jeritza entirely with German opera should hear her record of "*Vissi d' Arte*" from "*Tosca*" and having heard it, should then hear her latest record, "*Voi lo sapete*" (Well you Know, Good Mother) from "*Cavalleria Rusticanna*." It is the sorrowful outpouring of the betrayed Santuzza, and Jeritza puts into it singing the poignant tragedy of a woman scorned.

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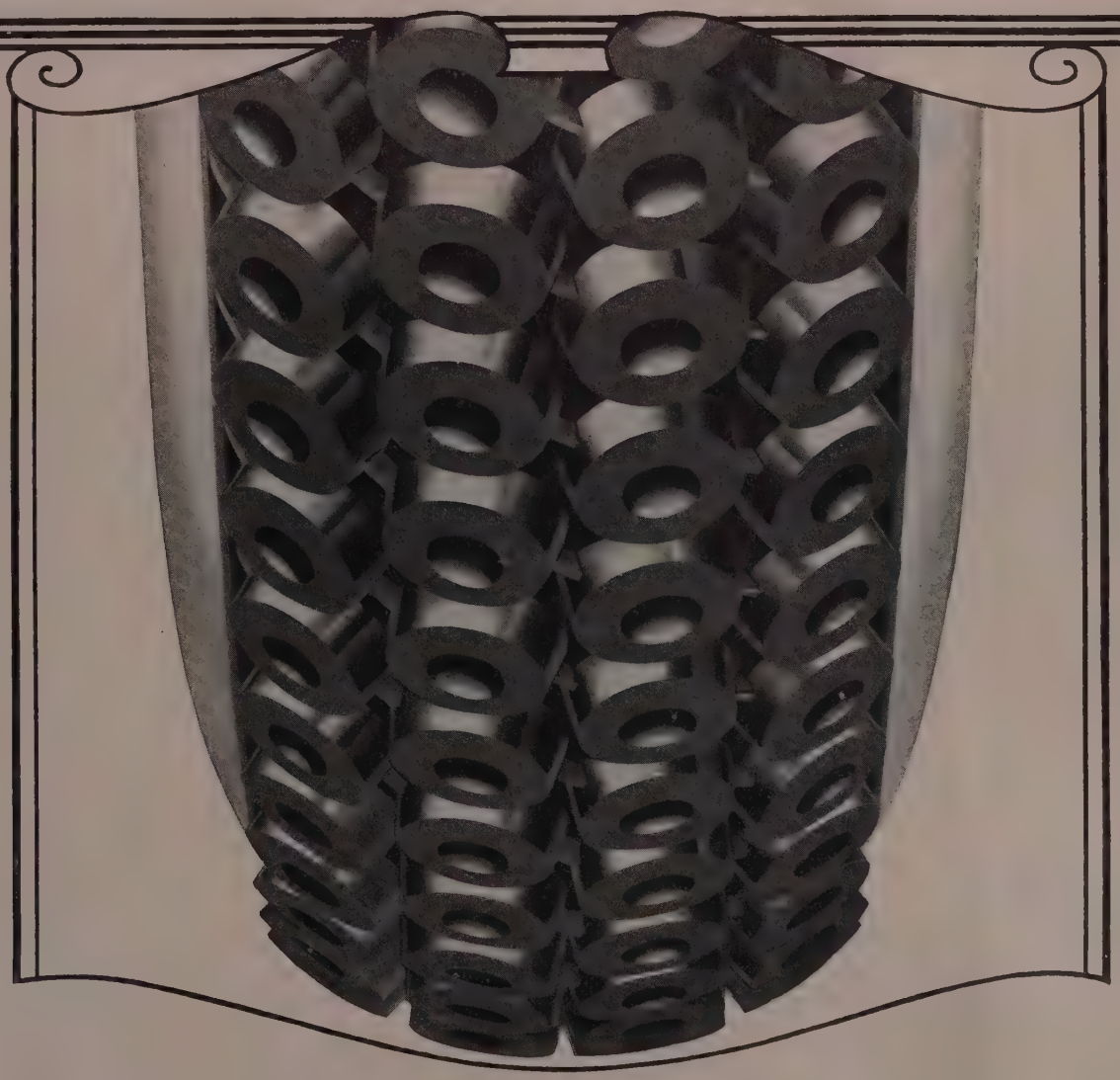

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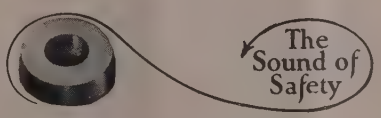

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"WHAT I THINK OF YOUR THEATRE"

(Concluded from page 27)

Mr. Maugham is on his way back to England after nine months in Siam, Burma, and Indo-China where he has been studying the Englishman who, by force of circumstances, is made to live in foreign surroundings.

"Did you do any writing while in China?"

"No. I seldom write while travelling, but I have made a mass of notes which will some day be hurled at an unsuspecting public in the shape of short-stories, a new play, or perhaps two new plays, and a novel. I spend quite a while collecting my material before-hand, and now I am on my way home where, for the next year and a half, I shall shut myself in my library and work. Then I expect to go off again for about a year. This is a regular system upon which I work.

As I went down in the elevator, I reflected on the strange and arresting personality of the man just left—his attitude towards life, his viewpoint on humanity, and the ironic humor prevalent in his speech.

Everyone knows his work. He stands in the first rank of English writers, and each line he pens is pregnant with meaning. He deals with human failings, and through biting satire proves the utter futility of life. Nothing matters; nothing should be taken seriously. He lives this philosophy, and except for the driving force urging him to create, he looks upon existence with something of scorn.

Strangely enough, W. Somerset Maugham and Eugene O'Neill possess the same outlook. In their work they write of the same pitiful endeavoring of man to reach beyond his environment. Maugham, with his satire and irony, points out the uselessness of fundamental laws, and builds with pointed words the dead wall against which humanity eternally battles in vain. Eugene O'Neill, with his tragic pen of realism, erects the same barricade, and the two men, each in his different way, and yet curiously alike, fling the gauntlet of truth in the face of the world. Such men are, in reality, moving forces of destiny.

AN AMERICAN ART THEATRE—WHY NOT?

(Concluded from page 9)

It is clear, finally, that I have omitted some very lustrous names. We have, I think, no Moskvin. But we have John Barrymore. We still have Margaret Anglin; we have now the two Schildkrauts, father and son; we have Grace George and Elsie Ferguson and, though she insists on choosing such impossible plays, Alice Brady. And I have omitted excellent names of the second rank, such as O. P. Heggie and still others, such as George Gaul and Ferdinand Gottschalk and admirable members of an older generation such as Mathilde Cottrelly. But this is not a directory nor is its purpose scientific. I have not touched the special enthusiasms of both the public and the critics among the youngest members of our stage. But I was concerned with matching the grave and mature Muscovites.

And yet we have no art theatre. We are not likely to have one. The reason is one that goes beyond the theatre, that reaches to the core of the special problems of America, of American civilization. Why cannot these players of whom I have spoken be assembled into groups? Why can we not then easily rival the theatres of Stanislavsky and Reinhardt? Because neither the players nor any one else cares enough. Money is important, and reputation which brings money. But not art. And even excellent actors who are neither very prominent nor prosperous dream of those things and they do not dream of the service to the cause which should be theirs. And Heaven forbid that anyone should preach it to them! What does not come from within is of no value and exhortation is even now a prevalent American pest.

But we could have ten Moscow Art Theatres if we had what we lack, which is not talent but character. When I hear of an actor in straightened circumstances refusing a part at $150 a week because the part does not interest him and because the play is obviously drivel—at the moment that news is brought me I shall know that the American Art Theatre has been conceived.

THE MIRRORS OF STAGELAND

(Concluded from page 54)

She gives the same impression in the rôles she plays. Even when most restrained one feels the pulsing power of her. She owes a large part of that tremendous vitality to heredity, half of it to the fact that when not playing in the spotlight on the stage, or the blue light of the screen, she is living on an island in Sebago Lake, Maine. From the complex life of Manhattan she goes, straight as an arrow, to the heart of nature. She has spent four, five, six months on that island in a year.

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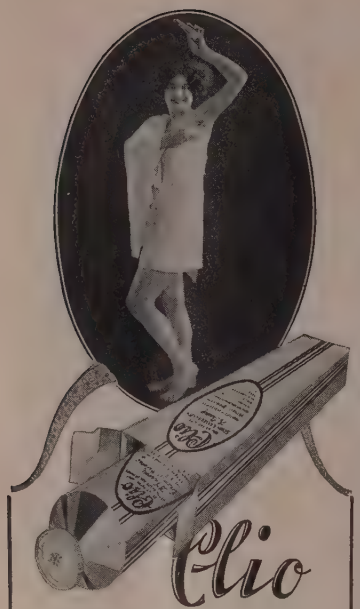

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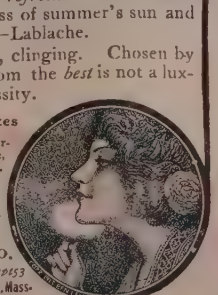

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CARROLL AIKINS AND THE CANADIAN PLAYERS

(Continued from the July Issue)

deficiencies in his knowledge of dramaturgy. Along a parallel line of thought had for a long time run his dream of an ideal combination of workshop and theatre where young people might acquire technical knowledge and make progress in both the art and the science of theatrical production—where, in fact, the new national consciousness, which Carroll Aikins was one of the first to sense, lay beneath the surface of our young intellectuals' somewhat groping movements toward self-expression, might find genuine artistic outlet and become magnificently articulate.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE THEATRE

So in the spring of 1920 a large fruit packing house was planned on the ranch, Mr. Aikins' first-conceived idea having crystallized into a project for a model theatre situated above the packing plant; and it was not long before this combination of packing house and temple of drama emerged triumphantly from the blueprint stage and sprang forth as a tangible fabric. By November of 1920—just a year after the production of his first play in England—the model theatre was, save for its lighting equipment (an important matter, however), complete, and on the 3rd of that month was officially opened by the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, then Prime Minister of Canada, who travelled to Naramata especially for the dedication and to deliver the inaugural address. The aims of the builder and founder of this new mountain home of drama were set forth in an expression of the hope "that this theatre will be used by the young actor as a training ground for his abilities, and by the young poet as a testing ground for his work; and we have great pleasure in offering it to them, for the service of beauty and for a true expression of the Canadian spirit." The "Temple of Living Art" was at last an accomplished fact.

Since that opening day the scope of the enterprise has broadened out almost immeasurably, and the significance of this movement toward an emancipated drama has already been very thoroughly demonstrated. It has been made apparent by the spiritual awakening of the young people of both sexes who have gone there to a realization of their own inherent love of beauty in every form.

NOTABLE PATRONS LEND THEIR AID

The model theatre movement did not find itself without substantial friends, willing and eager to do something more than merely praise it. With the help of generous donations from Sir James Atkins and John Forster, the Toronto artist, the founder was enabled to purchase, early in 1921, a very complete lighting plant, which was installed in the May of that year. He was assisted in his selection by Maurice Browne and Lee Simonson, those two experts whose knowledge of the art of proper theatre lighting, acquired in the course of their own artistic research work in the dramatic field, is probably unexcelled on this continent. As a result, it is doubtful whether there exists in Canada at the present time another plant as complete and comprehensive as this at the Home Theatre. Ruth Kerr, seeing it, was moved to observe that the entire lighting organ, with its battery of no less than twenty dimmers controlling spots, X-ray borders, strips, floods and house lights, the whole in turn controlled by a master dimmer, was a masterpiece of modern designing.

As to the physical design of the theatre itself, Mr. Aikins' very ignorance of the minutiæ of the conventional forms was an asset—insofar, at least, as it disposed of the limitations imposed by reverence for the traditional arrangement. The stage of the Home Theatre is on a level with the floor of the auditorium, the spectators' seats rising gradually, step by shallow step. The entire architectural conformation meets the especial needs of the players and audience; and this is not surprising when it is remembered that the theatre was born of dramatic necessity. The *raison d'etre* of this playhouse in the orchard groves is the encouragement of native art, and it is already amply justifying its existence, as all who have seen the Canadian Players at work will concede.

The first production was staged with the aid of local volunteer amateurs, who came to be tried out for parts in Zona Gale's *The Neighbors* and Doris Halman's *Will o' the Wisp.* During this inceptive period the initial efforts were also made which resulted in the gathering together of a group of student players who were happy in combining training in the theatre with fruit picking on the ranch. The plans worked out well, and by July the young people had arrived at Naramata, ready to enter the experimental theatre—where, until the middle of September, they assiduously rehearsed a presentation of Sir Gilbert Murray's translation of *The Trojan Women of Euripides,* and earned money at the same time. They were provided with free accommodation and board at cost. This was no ordinarily conducted School of Dramatics, be it noted. The students slept in tents or small individual houses, took their meals in the large dining room which was a converted barn, dressed in knickers or khaki breeches and smocks, and altogether led a gloriously free, out-of-door life,

(*Concluded on page* 64)

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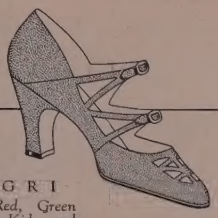

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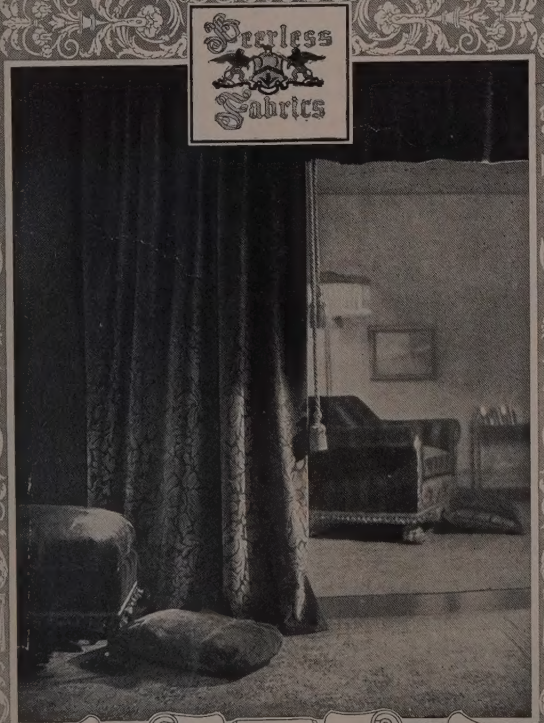

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CARROLL AIKINS AND THE CANADIAN PLAYERS

(*Concluded from page 62*)

climbing mountains, bathing and picnicking between rehearsals and classes in dancing or scene making. This happy combination and diversity of interests, relative to both work and play, made for the maximum of harmony. It enabled the group to work without jealousies, for what they did was done for the theatre rather than for themselves as individuals.

THEIR FIRST PRODUCTION

IN such idyllic fashion did the Canadian Players spend the summer; and when *The Trojan Women* was produced in the autumn it proved a brilliant artistic success. Mrs. Katherine Aikins' Hecuba was generally hailed as one of the most effective pieces of tragic acting that has been seen on the Canadian stage, while the entire company performed with a degree of skilled technique and artistic excellence which went far to bear out the frequent cry of the critics that it is to its understanding amateurs that the drama is indebted for a good deal of the progress it is making today.

One important factor in Carroll Aikins' success seems to be that while teaching others he neglects no opportunity of perfecting himself. He was automatically furnished with his long-sought chance to work in every branch of the theatre. He became scene designer and painter, stage carpenter, electrician, manager and producer—varied activities, these.

Aikins has been aptly described elsewhere as an individual who combines with the keen perception of the artist the ingenious creative ability of a man who has worked with his hands. And in forming an estimate of the extent to which he availed himself of his opportunity during the summer of 1921, when he became Jack of all trades in his experimental theatre, it must not be lost sight of that he tackled the project with virtually no knowledge of dramatic problems and no experience of those of construction, lighting and mechanical detail.

He mastered the manifold difficulties of acoustics, illumination, perspective and suggestion of space and distance, in addition to constructing thoroughly serviceable equipment and stage properties and scenery from whatever material was at hand on the ranch or readily and economically available. Such materials as iron piping and hay-wire, for example, which are to be found in quantity on most fruit farms, have been utilized to provide scenery battens and curtain supports among a hundred other accessories. Thus is even horticulture made to serve as the handmaid of the drama by this artist in theatrical metamorphosis.

TWO YEARS OF ACHIEVEMENT

ALREADY the Okanagan actors have to their credit several productions of oustanding artistic merit—in particular *The Trojan Women* of the 1921 season, already mentioned, and *Victory in Defeat*, played for the first time on July 31st, 1922. This, the first Canadian Passion Play—for that is precisely what it is—met with unqualified approbation. The beauty of its original conception and the austerity of its theme held every audience spellbound at each performance during the week it was presented.

This *Study of Spiritual Progress in the Life of Christ* was dedicated to the memory of Marjorie Pickthall. The presentation was silent—as silent and as eloquent as the Stations of the Cross—and the players were unnamed. The Christ was portrayed, and the Mother of Christ; and Mary of Bethany and Mary Magdalen; and John the Baptist and Peter and John the Beloved; and Judas. The Scribe was there, too, and the Rich Man, the Servant, the Miser, the Courtesan, the Soldier and the Gaoler; while other associate players filled the supernumerary rôles of Pharisees, Disciples, Shepherds and Children. This remarkable miracle play took the form of a series of symbolic groupings, opening with a prologue depicting the Star of Bethlehem and the Adoration of the Child. Then followed the Progress, beginning with Consecration of Christ, passing to the steps of the Temple, to the Wilderness of Temptation, and on to the Great Betrayal and the Crucifixion; and finally to the triumph of the Resurrection, these last two scenes being an epilogue to the tremendous tragedy.

It will be seen, then, that Carroll Aikins' hopes and aspirations have already passed into the tangible shape of achievement, and give promise of early development into still more beautiful forms. For the adventure is not finished. Rather has it just begun. The near future should show still further advance along the lines laid down, or perhaps even along newer ones scarcely yet imagined.

CORRECTION

In the mention given dramatic activities at Salida, Colorado, in the May Issue of Theatre Magazine, we regret that there were several mis-statements regarding Salida, due to erroneous information from a source which we believed to be reliable.

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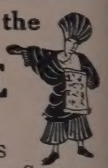

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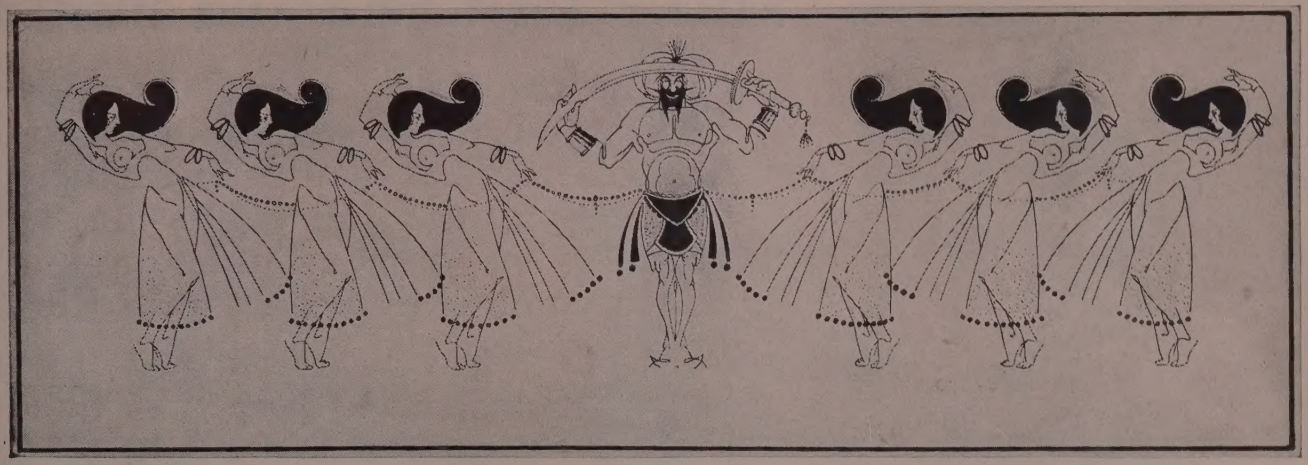

Drawing by Maxeville

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE: Those marvelous Italian Marionettes! After drawing crowds in Europe they are coming to America for the first time this fall. Read in our next issue full account of these extraordinary puppets. ☙ Disraeli said a critic was a man who had failed, but a writer in the next issue proves that Disraeli didn't know what he was talking about. He shows that critics have written plays that have scored big hits on Broadway. ☙ In the feminine eye Jane Cowl is today what Maude Adams was at her prime. Ada Patterson contributes a close-up interview with this popular and interesting actress. ☙ The success of the Theatre Guild is one of the greatest surprises of the theatre world in the last decade. Walter Prichard Eaton analyzes its efforts and shows why it has beaten the commercial manager at his own game. ☙ These are only a few of the fine features, together with a wealth of interesting pictures, in our next issue.

F. E. ALLARDT, Director of Circulation

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